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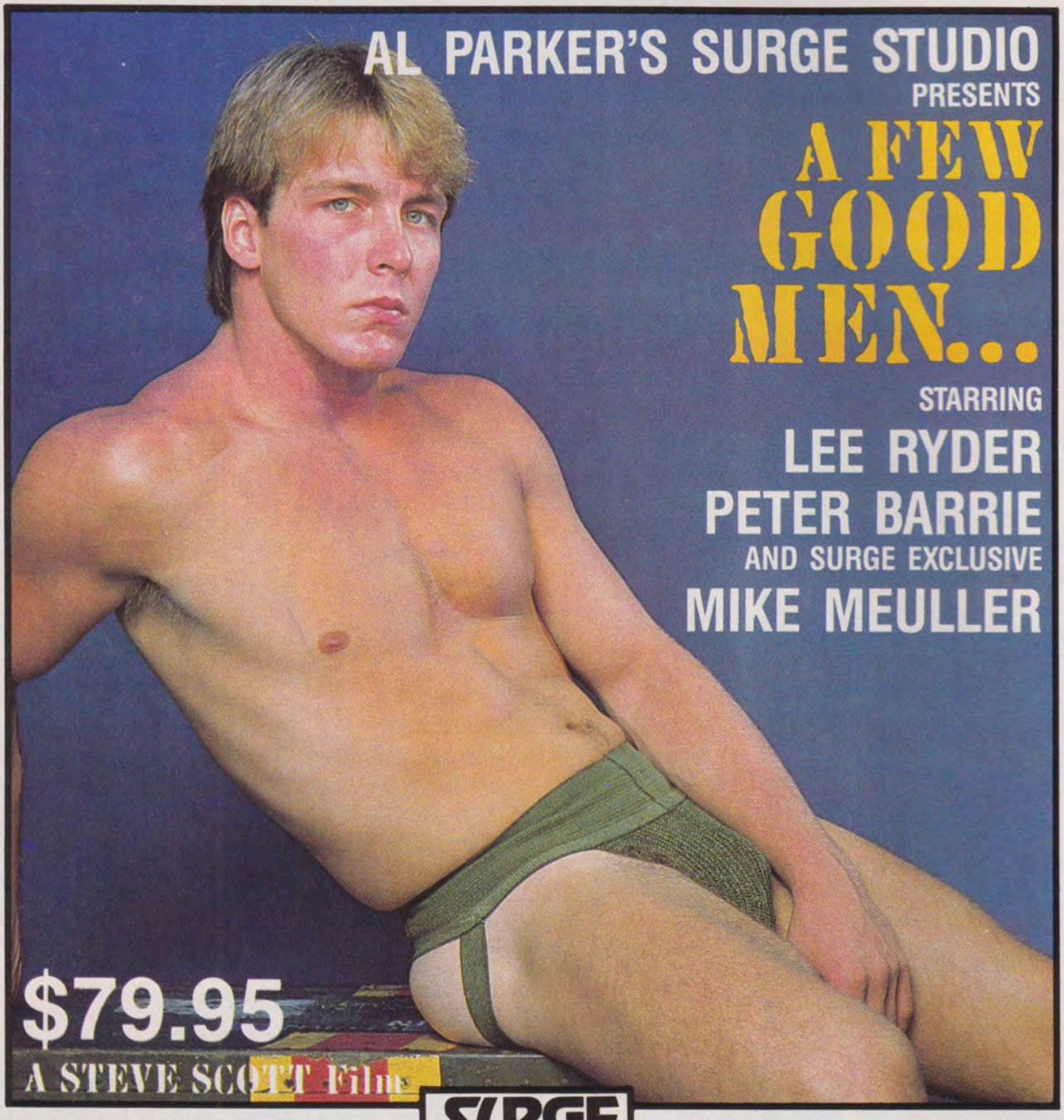

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THE MAGAZINE FOR THE MACHO MALE

VOLUME 7 • NUMBER 4
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CHARTER MEMBER
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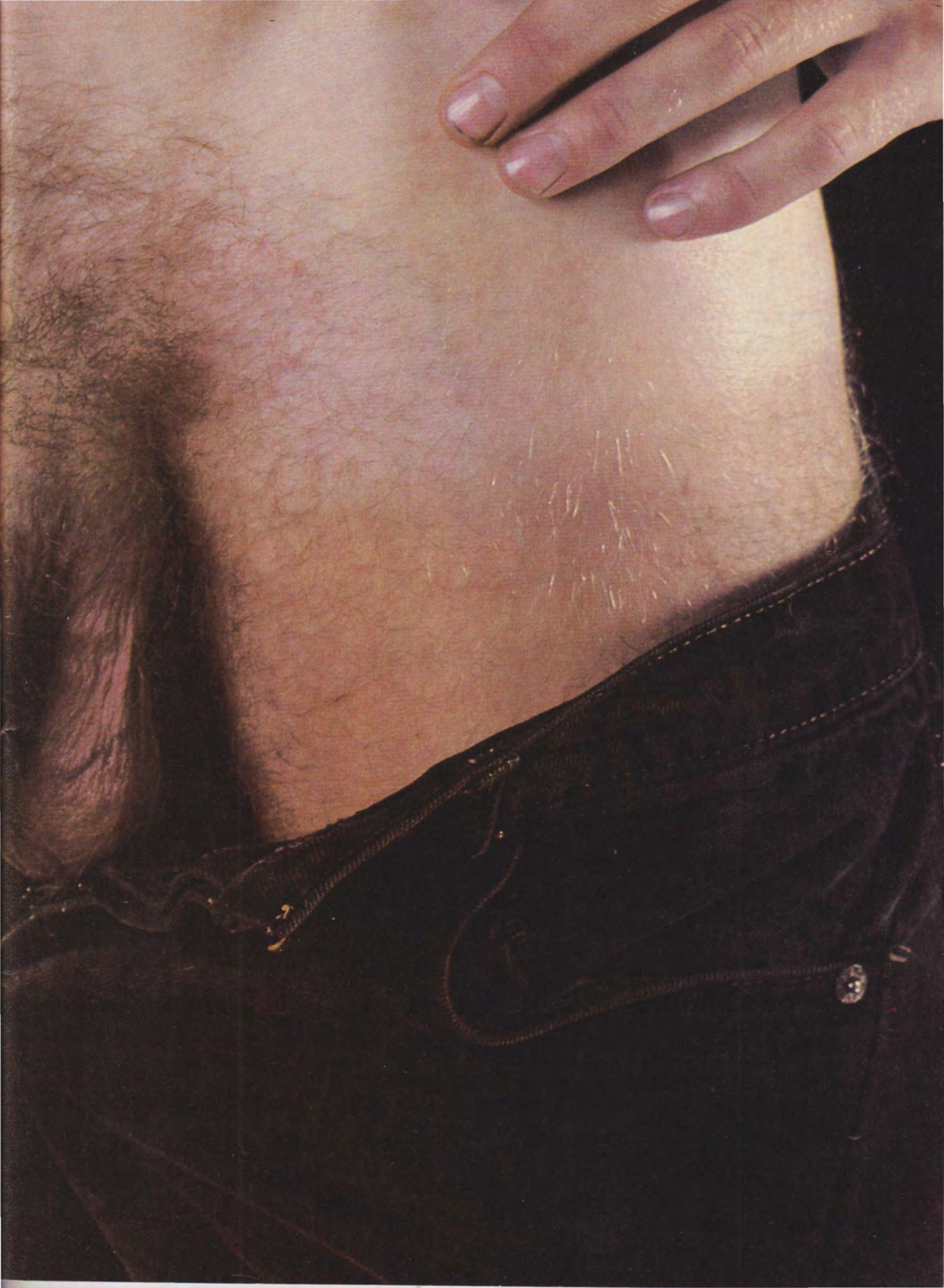
THE DEPTH OF INSERTION

By Ben Strong • Photo by Naakkve

He fucked Jeff's willing mouth in slow, meaty insertions; the thrill of each penetration passed deep into his crotch.

He let the hot water run over his hairy chested, suntanned body, sluicing off the soapsuds. Secure in his position as a man of athletic build, a competitive swimmer, and an acceptable but unenthusiastic squash player, he took in with deceptively casual eye the roomful of naked men soaping, shampooing, and rinsing under 20 showerheads in the Downtown Athletic Club.

A tickle trembled in his groin as he assessed biceps, pectorals, well-muscled butts, and the sexual equipment of each man. Most of the cocks were of average dimensions, but a few had a more robust appearance: the look of equipment well-veined, and often put to use. Brice knew by sight most of the men in the shower room.



A newcomer stood at one side waiting for a vacant shower. He took the position across from Brice when its occupant left. The newcomer adjusted the stream and started soaping himself, first the face, underarms, belly, then, lovingly, the balls and cock. Brice watched indolently as the newcomer stripped back his foreskin, soaped his cockhead and gently, languorously massaged his scrotum with soap and warm water, incidentally displaying two larger than average testicles that hung a hand's length below his crotch. Brice began to pay closer attention to this leisurely, deliberate operation. His own cock tingled perceptibly at the sight, and he applied the soap to his own equipment in casual, subconscious imitation.

Though he still carefully maintained his appearance of unconcern, his eye measured the newcomer's cock. Wasn't it a little larger than before? Yes, definitely. Brice's pulse quickened slightly. His own cock showed appreciation by swelling and lengthening though still carefully maintaining its free-hanging attitude. The newcomer looked up unexpectedly and caught Brice's eye, grinned ever so slightly in a friendly greeting. Brice nodded in courteous reply and continued to soap his groin. No doubt about it now, both cocks were rising to the occasion, threatening to exceed the mandatory length of those ultraconventional surroundings. The men exchanged amused glances as each turned to the wall to avoid possible notice by other occupants of the steamy room. As the danger of detection subsided, they turned again, smiled slightly, and sized each other up. Brice took notice of the man's sandy hair (sun burnished here and there), broad shoulders, dense chest hair, flat stomach, good legs, and his manly swinging meat—especially the swinging meat. Brice noted that the newcomer was similarly checking him out. "This lad deserves pursuit," Brice said to himself. They left the showers, grabbed towels, and headed for their lockers without further communication.

As manager of production in the western region for Atlas Oil, Brice enjoyed a private office and a secretary whom he shared with the manager of engineering in the adjacent office. He was popular in the industry. His rugged good looks, easy manner, and lively sense of humor won friends easily; his straightforward brown eyes and business acumen gained their loyalty and respect. He had been elected president of the state association three times, the only man ever to have been so honored.

His secretary buzzed to indicate that a personal phone call was waiting. It was Cynthia reminding him to stop on the way home for scotch and gin. She didn't want him to run out of booze when the Bradfords came over for cocktails before the dinner dance at the country club.

Anson Bradford and Brice Kendall had known each other since they had both worked as freshmen engineers for Petroline. They had two rounds of drinks and headed for the club, Brice driving and thinking of the incident in the shower room at noon. Anson rambled on about routine problems in the West Divide Field, and the wives talked clothes and kids in the rear seat. Very comfortable, very proper, and a good screen for the erotic thoughts running in Brice's head, stirring up twinges of excitement in his groin. Brice ruminated. Too bad Cynthia couldn't join him in his outside sex activities. What fuckfest that would be! But Cynthia was a virginal beauty, a zealous Presbyterian who really loved her husband, her children, and her home. Her sin was a love affair with her TR4; it made her feel racy and modern. Her friends told her that with a car like that she must have some secret vice. But an imaginary one was all she wanted.

He dropped trousers and shorts, spread his legs and flexed his knees in an intensity of erotic passion. His pulsating meat was majestic in its masculine splendor.

They sat at a table for six which they shared with the Gibsons, Anson's boss, and had another round of drinks for which Gibson signed the check. Dinner was satisfying, but no more. When the band started to play, Brice danced dutifully with the ladies of the party, then cut in here and there as he saw women he knew whose husbands were important in his business. Never forget good business. As the evening wore on the music seemed too loud, the room inevitably became hot and stuffy and he needed another drink. The bar was two-deep in men ordering. Brice got in line and waited patiently for his turn. As he stepped sideways to allow a chap carrying five glasses to make his way out of the crowd, he lurched into the man beside him. Turning to apologize, he faced the newcomer-in-the-shower.

Their eyes locked momentarily in pleasant astonishment at the coincidence. Brice regained his balance. "I think we've met."

"Yes, in the shower. I'm Jeff."

"I'm Brice." They shook hands. Brice liked the large, somewhat calloused hand that gripped his warmly. Jeff was tall and his Tom Selleck grin was magnetic. "I grub in the oil patch. What's your MO?"

"I rob widows and orphans legally."

"An old and honorable profession."

"Beats working!"

Brice noted the well-tailored suit, crisp collar, and conservative tie that matched Jeff's honest alert blue eyes. He thought about all the good man stuff underneath.

"As long as you've hacked your way up to the bar, Brice, order me a scotch and water; here's my ante. But before I drink this I've got to take a leak; my back teeth are floating."

"Mine too, but let's do it outside; it's more earthy. Besides, the plumbing here stinks."

"Good advice, let's go. I'll stash the drinks till we get back."

They walked through the men's locker room and out onto the Ice Cream Deck, now completely deserted. The night was moonless but starry. "Let's head for that mound down the fairway. There's a sand trap on the far side that'll give us additional privacy." They walked now in strained silence, each, unknown to the other, thinking the same thoughts. "What if this guy's not really on the level. Maybe he's one of those rotten straights who want to do it but can't be honest with themselves. You can never be sure of a guy till you actually get your hand on his cock." They reached the trap, paused, looked at each other, unzipped their flies and flipped out their cocks. Brice took his balls out too. He liked to let it all hang out, especially under the open sky. Jeff pissed a heavy stream which puddled the sand where it struck. Brice made an at-

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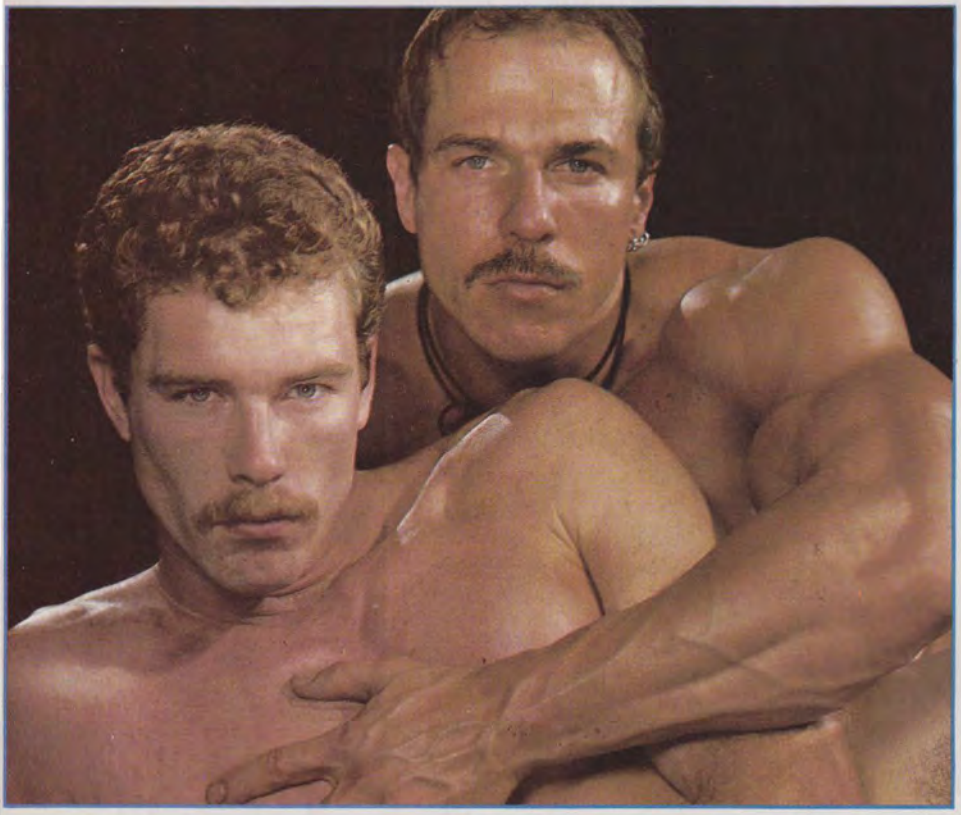

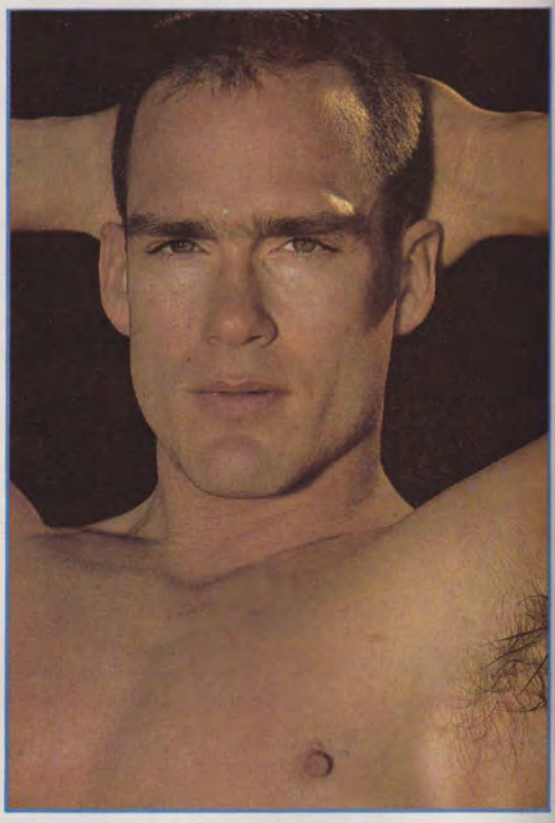

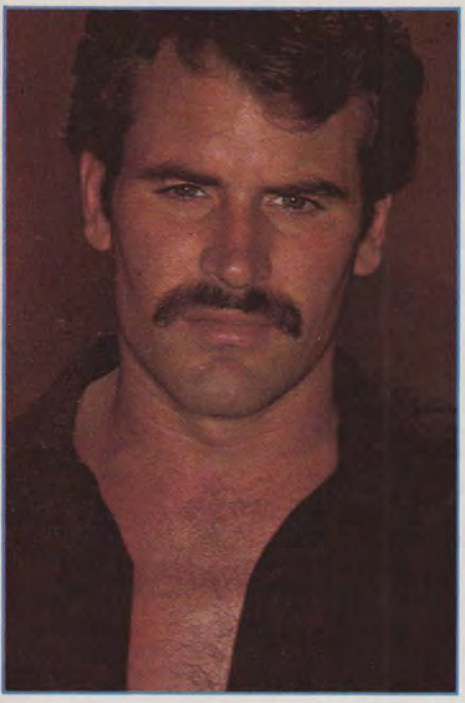

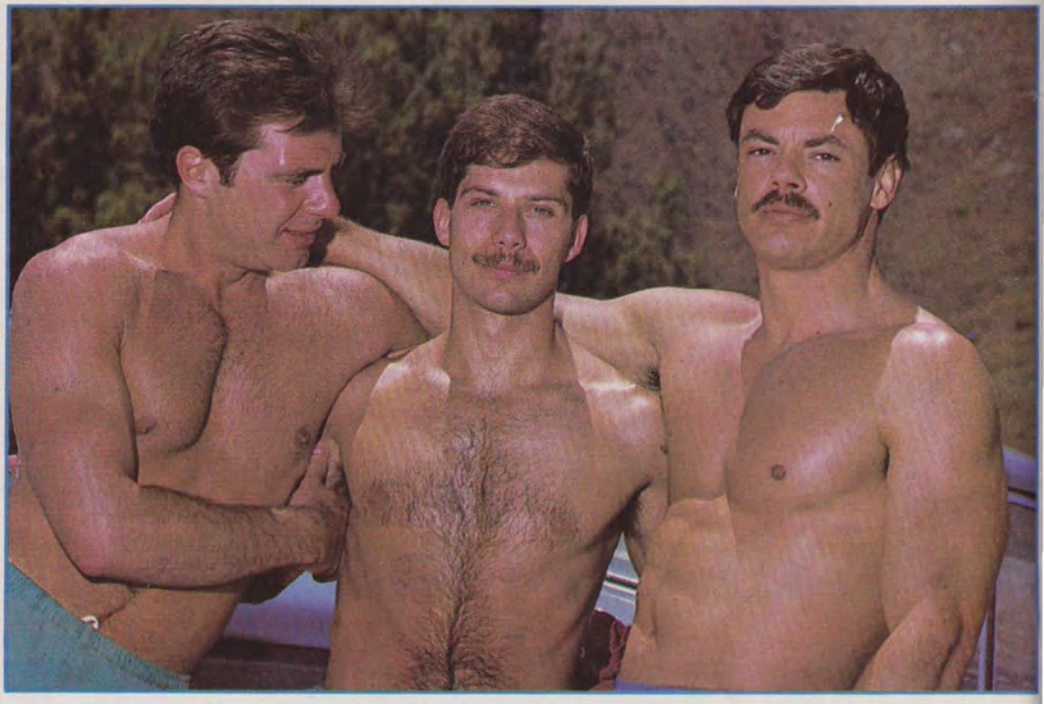

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tempt, but even as he tried, his cock swelled and choked off the piss stream. His eyes, now accustomed to the darkness, spotted Jeff's heavy tool silhouetted against the sand. Jeff looked over at Brice and saw his big hard dick pointing skyward. Brice's stream sprayed, then stopped as his cock hardened. "Jeff, I wanted to piss, but my dick has other ideas."

"So does mine, Brice." And with thumping heart he reached over and grasped Brice's big hard cock. A thrill of excitement went through Brice as he felt the large horny hand massage his dick with a firm but gentle touch. (Only another guy really knows how to handle a dick.) Jeff's other hand cupped Brice's balls and kneaded his scrotum with slow, understanding skill. In his excitement Brice exuded lubricant; Jeff used it to massage the head of Brice's cock, causing him to breathe heavily in mounting appreciation. Brice reached out with eager anticipation and cupped Jeff's big beautiful balls, still swinging but less loosely hung. He moved up to Jeff's groin and took a handful of his rigid meat. Jeff exhaled audibly at Brice's touch and threw his head back in anticipation. Brice stroked the ample foreskin back and forth, marvelling as always at the way it slides so smoothly over the rock hard cock it sheaths.

His blood running hotter by the minute, he leaned over and took Jeff's cockhead in his mouth, running his tongue over it with loving care while his hands continued to stroke the foreskin and knead Jeff's balls. Brice sat down in the sand, the better to perform this ancient rite of male-to-male sexual communion. Jeff spread his legs and took Brice's head in both hands while sliding his fiery cock all the way into Brice's hospitable mouth. Merely having it there at all was such a privilege that he withdrew momentarily, bent over and planted his mouth firmly on Brice's as the only way he could fully express his appreciation. They stood up, embraced, and nuzzled each other in mutual regard.

Jeff reached down again for Brice's cock, sat down on the sand and returned Brice's homage to his own male meat. He licked Brice's balls, stroked his dick, and sucked his cockhead with avid attention. Brice dropped trousers and shorts, spread his legs and flexed his knees in an intensity of erotic passion. He fucked Jeff's willing mouth in slow, meaty insertions; the thrill of each penetration passed deep into his crotch. All over his body, his thumping heart sent the hot blood coursing on its life-renewing journey.

Brice's strokes grew more rapid, his breath rate increased until he pulled out to slow down the erotic crescendo. Both he and Jeff looked appreciatively at his pulsating meat, majestic in its masculine splendor. They exchanged positions in silent understanding; Jeff dropped his trousers, spread his legs and offered his meat to Brice's eager face. Brice stroked the insides of Jeff's hairy thighs, proceeded slowly up to his crotch, cupped his balls and licked them in leisurely fashion, then passed his hands back to grip Jeff's small, muscular ass. Jeff's cock was now rigid and insistently pulsating in Brice's face. Brice opened wide and took the head, slowly, lasciviously sucking it as Jeff began to move his hot cock in and out of Brice's mouth. He too increased his stroke rate and his depth of insertion as his passion mounted, pulling out in order to avoid overarousal too soon. Jeff's cock was a male masterpiece, as each man enjoyed admitting. Long and thick with a large, well-shaped head, it was made for sucking.

They lay side by side on the sloping sandy bank of the trap surveying their sexual equipment and handling it dextrously as they rested and cooled down for the next round. "Marvelous summer night for a roll in the sand with a hot horny buddy."

"You're right, Brice."

"Tell you what I'm gonna do, Jeff. I'm gonna roll over on top of you—like this, and I'm gonna straddle your chest on my knees—like this, and I'm gonna bury my balls in your chest hair—like this, and then I'm gonna move up on you and dangle my dick in your mouth—like thi-i-i-s . . ." Jeff received the large flexible cock with a warm moist welcome clear to the balls, chewing it carefully as it stiffened into rigid attention. Brice enjoyed Jeff's hospitality; his hands were now behind Jeff's head, pulling it gently forward to present the best angle for phallic thrust. And thrust he did, slowly and carefully, delivering about half his meat to avoid gagging his generous host. His passion mounted, slowly at first, then more insistently. "SUCK IT, Jeff. Suck my big hard hungry cock." His breathing increased as his strokes quickened. He whimpered, panting and clutching Jeff's head. "Jeff boy, SUCK my COCK, SUCK the CUM out of it" and he shot spurt after spurt of hot sperm into Jeff's sympathetic mouth.

As Brice's urgency subsided and peace came over him, he withdrew from Jeff's attention and placed his mouth on Jeff's in silent gratitude. He eased down the sandy slope and knelt between Jeff's legs. He caressed the flat stomach, admiring the apex of Jeff's fine body where the strong muscular thighs joined his belly, where Jeff's balls hung and his royal instrument jutted up in anticipation. He took Jeff's heavy ball sack in his hand. With the other, he drew the foreskin down all the way. He placed his lips on Jeff's throbbing cockhead, engulfing it, tonguing and sucking vigorously. It swelled gratefully.

"Eat my meat, Brice; suck it, SUCK IT!" Brice sucked and Jeff thrust his butt rhythmically upward, with his hands on Brice's head. "That's a red hot cock in your mouth, hot and ready. Take my load—TAKE MY LOA-A-A-D!" Jeff's cockhead swelled, filling Brice's friendly mouth. Then it shot hot sperm in its climactic joy.

They lay back on the cooling sand, trousers off, shirts dishevelled, their cocks slowly reverting to softness. Heart and breath rate returned to normal, and each man relished the gut-satisfying man-to-man sexual debauch they had both needed. "Brice, this looks like the start of a beautiful friendship."

"Yeah, or at least a hell of a lot of great cocksucking, buddy!"

They pulled themselves together and walked back to the Ice Cream Deck, through the men's locker room and into the head. They inspected each other for pecker tracks, brushed off the sand, washed, rinsed and combed, and then they were ready to meet the proper world again. With a wink and a grin they started off to rejoin their partners.

Brice spotted Cynthia on the dance floor and she tapped her partner's shoulder. She left him reluctantly, giving him a chaste little kiss as she did so. "Oh Brice, did you have to cut in? I was having such a good time dancing with Anson. And he does it with such flair."

They danced in silence for a while and then Cynthia stepped back and held Brice at arm's length, her face serious. "Brice, we're just going to have it out; tonight's performance did it." Pause . . . Brice wondered. How could . . .? Oh fuck, a sensational divorce?

"Goodness knows, Brice, you're the sweetest husband in the state, and everyone knows you're the best father in the world, but dammit Brice, you'll just never learn to dance." ■

DADDY FUCK

By Simon ● Illustration by F. Ronald Fowler

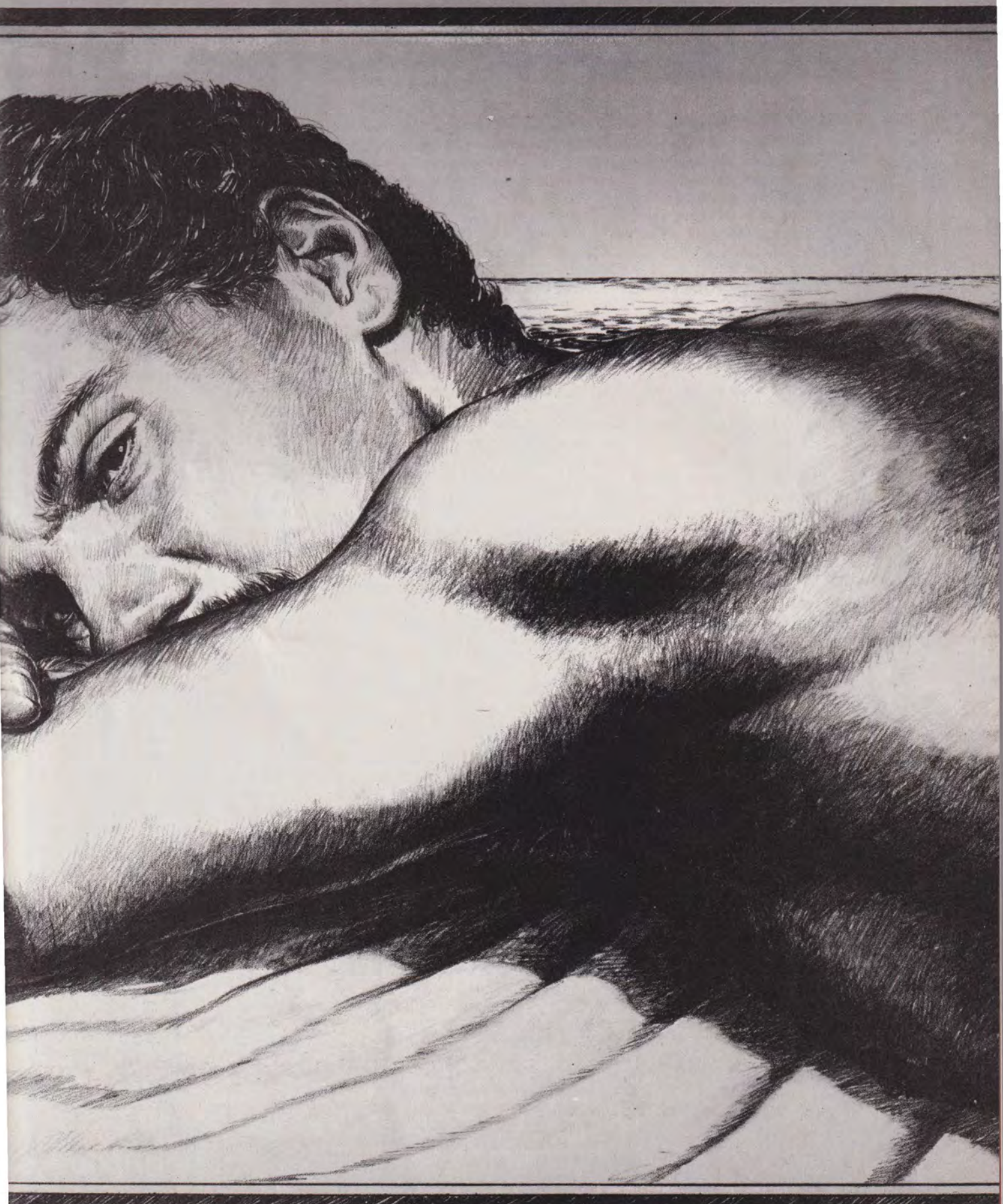
The sea is very cold in April. Waves race to the shore and explode against the rocks, leaving a spray of water and foam along the beaches and on the sundecks of houses abandoned for winter. Our house was not on the beach, but across the wide road; yet the salt spray ate into the clapboard and left white encrustations on the windows when it dried. The front porch faced the road and the sea beyond. It had been built by my grandfather in more prosperous times and had been handed down to my mother. We had summered there for as long as I can remember and, as another summer approached, we were getting ready to open the large airy rooms again. But this year was different. For one thing, it was earlier than usual for us to open and second, the house was to be opened for tourists.

Last season, the most successful for this small, sleepy beach community, any number of cars had pulled into the circular drive and people had knocked to ask for accommodations. We never took lodgers on a regular basis, but there were times when a couple would arrive in town with high hopes and no reservations at the town's few motels. So my mother would rent them a spare bedroom. Before summer's end, there was a steady flow of guests who came back repeatedly for the warmth and comfort my mother supplied. Since my father had died a few years before, my mother had been undecided about what to do with her life. She now found herself sitting on a goldmine and doing the thing she loved best: keeping house. Before we closed up, she had contracted to turn the second floor bedrooms into guest rooms, and she had created living quarters for us on the main floor. We were now listed with the local Chamber of Commerce and had already booked a number of rooms for the height of summer. This pretty much explains why I was here during spring recess from graduate school.

I had two weeks off but, with nothing much to do in town, I got most of the sprucing up and furniture moving done in the first three days. On the fourth day I rested. It was exceptionally warm and the sun burned away the morning mist to reveal the sparkling water. I put on my jogging shorts and prepared for my usual morning run; up the beach to the public area, across the parking lot to the town square, a quick stop at the Post Office for mail call, and then back up the beach. This morning's sudden warmth caused me to work up quite a sweat and so I stopped midway to pull off my sweat shirt. The air was brisk against my chest but it was a wonderful feeling to know that summer would soon come.

I headed for a protected area between the dunes, threw my shirt on the sand, and lay back to let the sun

He was an older guy, tall and lanky, with curly salt and pepper hair and penetrating brown eyes. As I reached to shake hands with him, his eyes dropped to my shorts for a split second. He saw something he liked.



dry my body. The warmth reminded me of last summer's heat, the balmy nights and the discovery of a gay bar just a few miles down the road. Ever since I had realized I was attracted to men, I had dreaded coming to this square, gossipy community, but last summer had turned out a most interesting one. There had always been a scattering of gay men in town on week-ends but they were mostly with their lovers of a hundred years or "honeymooning" with their latest conquest. Some of them could be persuaded to stray a little, but it really was catch as catch can. The hottest man around was the new Italian chef at the yacht club, who, I suspected, could be lured away from his wife. I had worked at the yacht club since I was a kid, so I felt free to come and go as I pleased. And it pleased me to watch Dino at work in the kitchen. His tight white pants matched his bright smile; the bulge in them looked like a five-course meal in itself.

It was only a matter of a week before I conned him into driving me home after a private party at the club. When we got to the beach road he stopped the car, saying he had to take a leak. He pulled over, got out and came over to the passenger side where he undid his pants and let loose a stream of piss onto the sand. I leaned out the window, greedily watching it all, and wondering who would make the next move. I sat there rubbing my hardening dick, unable to take my eyes from his body in the moonlight. He turned his head towards me, arched an eyebrow, and smiled as I stared at him.

"You see something you like, kid?"

"Very much," I stammered.

"Well then, get over here and do something about it."

My hand was on the door before he finished the sentence. By the time I stood in front of him he had pulled down his pants and shorts, and his erect cock was beckoning to me. I ran my hands around his hairy ass and knelt before him. His hands on my shoulders pulled me forward until I could taste the last salty drops of piss on his rod. My mouth took the head of his cock and my tongue explored the slit. I began pumping back and forth as my hands explored his hairy ass crack.

"Eat that big dick, kid. Take it all," he commanded as he pulled me down on it. I wanted to linger a little over my dessert, but he began to pump harder and harder. Getting caught up in the rhythm of his movements, I forced his rock-hard cock down my throat just as it began to spurt.

"Take it baby, here it comes!" he panted as the thick juice spiraled down my throat. He held my head tightly against his thick nest of pubic hair until his breathing became regular. My own cock strained against my jeans, begging for release. I pulled out my wet dick and began pumping it as Dino's meat began to soften in my mouth. I held it there and pumped hard. It was only a few seconds before I shot my load on the sand and slumped forward against Dino's legs. Then we silently pulled ourselves together and continued the journey home (This same scene replayed itself a number of times during the summer, then ended when the season ended.)

A chill breeze brought me back to reality. I got up to put my sweatshirt back on and became aware of my semi hard-on. There was a sticky wet spot on my shorts. I really hadn't thought much about sex during the last few days but now, suddenly, here it was, rearing its beautiful head. I made a mental note to go by the yacht club and see if Dino was going to make a return engagement this summer. I finished my run with my juices still flowing, and resolved to drive to the nearest gay bar—40 long, fucking miles away—to try my luck that evening.

When I got to our house, I noticed a little beat-up sports car in the driveway. The car didn't belong to anyone around here, and it was too early in the season for tourists. I opened the door and heard conversation coming from the kitchen. Mom was pouring coffee for a visitor as I entered.

She looked up. "Would you like some of this? I just made it fresh for Mr. Boyd here."

The man got up to face me. He extended his hand, but all I could do was stare into his eyes. Mr. Boyd turned out to be an older guy, tall and lanky, with curly salt and pepper hair and penetrating brown eyes. As I reached for his hand, his eyes dropped to my shorts for a split second. I remembered the wet spot and quickly turned to go.

"I'd better change out of these clothes," I mumbled as I headed for my room. Once there, I dried off, slipped on a pair of jeans and t-shirt, then returned to the kitchen. Mr. Boyd looked at me as I entered the room, then quickly turned his attention back to my mother.

"I was just telling Mr. Boyd about the year-round residents of the town," she said as she poured me some steaming coffee.

"What few there are," I said as I sat down. His glance met mine, and then quickly turned away.

"He came here for a quiet week and found it too quiet," she chuckled.

"Is that so?" I responded.

Mr. Boyd turned to me. "I was looking for a place to stay for a few weeks but it seems that everything is still shuttered."

My mother stood up; I could tell that something was cooking. "Since I'm going to be here all alone for the next few weeks and the house is mostly done, I thought Mr. Boyd could stay here. He says he wouldn't mind the confusion as long as he could get his work done."

"I really need a quiet place to finish editing a book and I wanted to get away from the city," he ventured.

"That sounds fine to me," I replied. "I really didn't want to go off to school and leave her here alone anyway." I figured that he could provide one of us with company, secretly hoping it would be me.

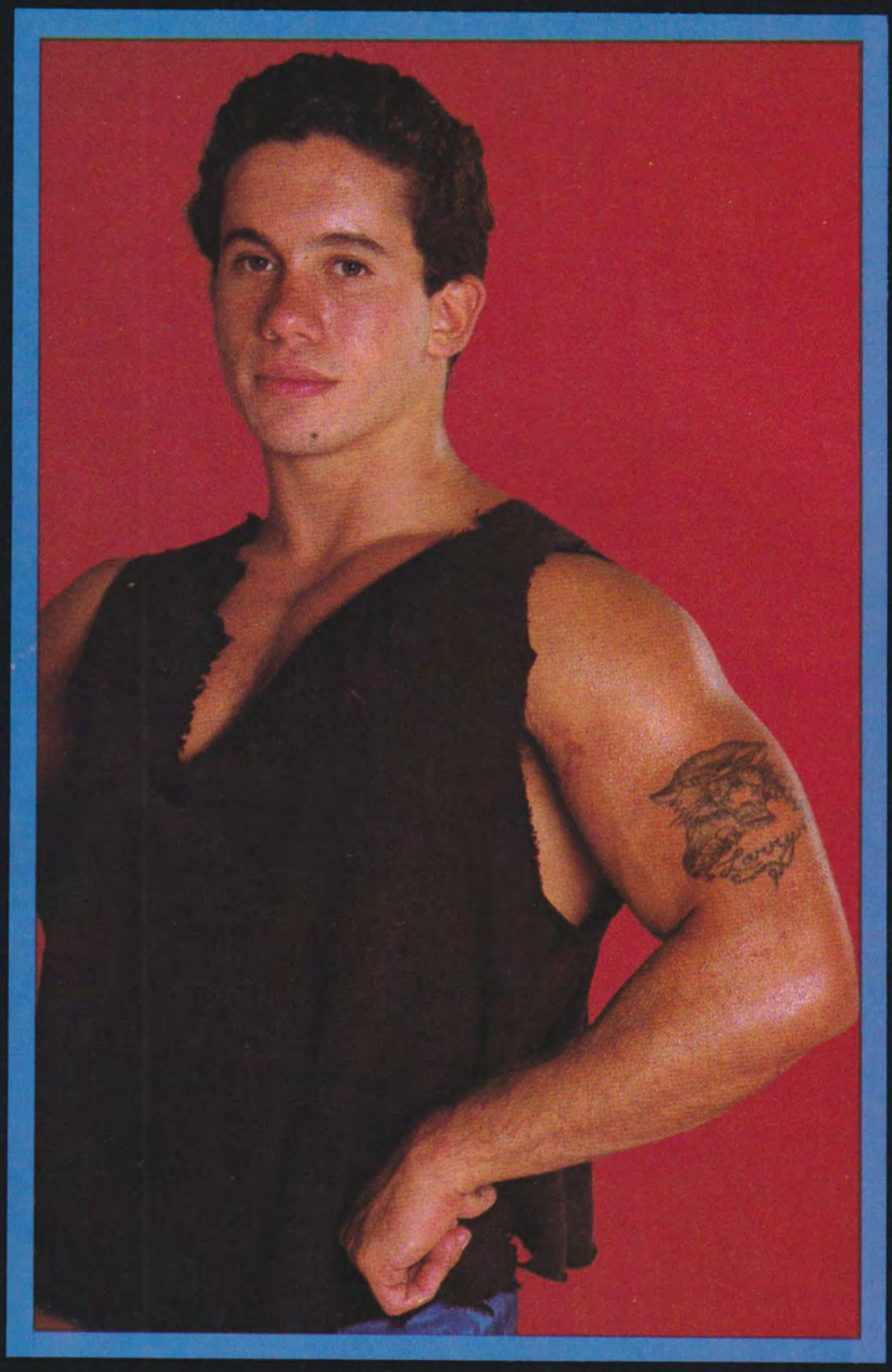
"Fine, then it's settled," he said as he got up. His trim body fitted quite well into a snug pair of corduroys. The crotch was neatly outlined, but so discreetly that I couldn't make a judgment yet. As he walked out the door to his car, I noticed that his buttocks were tight and round. And he was wearing cowboy boots. His chances at being playmate of the week began to tip in my favor.

Jack Boyd settled in and quickly adjusted to the family routine. He took all his meals with us and occasional coffee breaks, but mostly he worked. On the third morning I was very surprised

Continued to page 22

"You see something you like, kid?" "Very much," I stammered. "Well then, get over here and do something about it."

ANIMAL NATURE



LARRY MAY NOT LOOK LIKE A TOUGH GUY, BUT THAT TATTOO ON HIS BRAWNY BICEP GIVES A CLUE TO HIS REAL NATURE. JUST LIKE THE FEARSOME JUNGLE CAT BARING ITS FANGS, HE'S A HUNGRY PREDATOR ON THE PROWL.

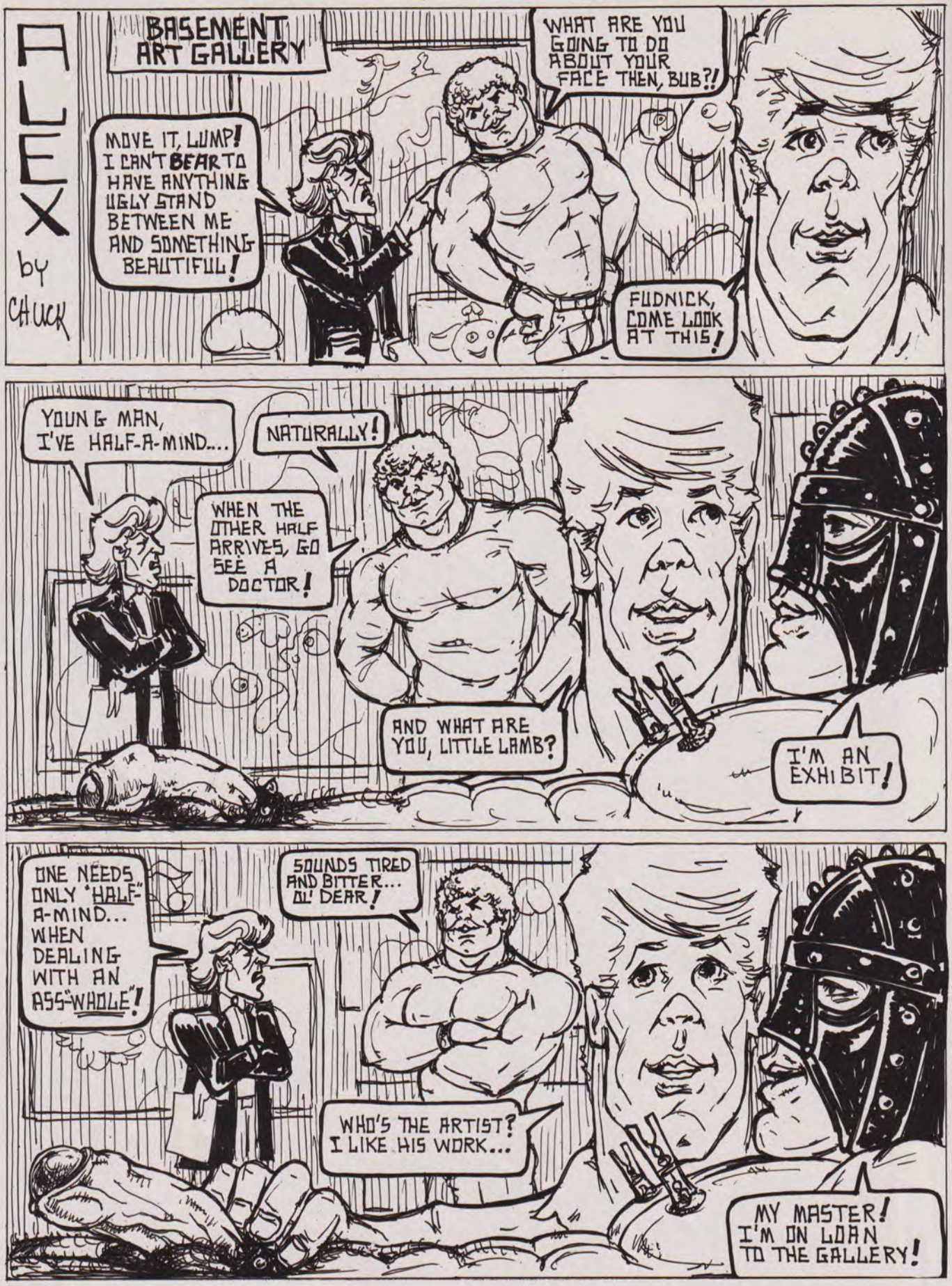
SECTION PHOTOGRAPHED BY MALEXPRESS STUDIO

ANIMAL NATURE

LARRY THE CAT HAS SOME POWERFUL HIND MUSCLES, TOO. THEY FLEX HARD AND TIGHT WHEN HE'S THRUSTING HIS SLIM HIPS, AND THEY BECOME SUPPLE AND PLIANT WHEN HE'S IN A RECEPTIVE MOOD.

ANIMAL NATURE

DESPITE HIS BRAWN, LARRY CAN BE A PLAYFUL CAT. WHEN HE'S FEELING FRISKY, HE'LL WRAP HIS ARMS AROUND YOU AND NUZZLE. NEED ANOTHER CLUE TO HIS ANIMAL NATURE? LOOK CLOSE, AND YOU'LL SEE A RABBIT ABOVE HIS GROIN. YOU KNOW WHAT RABBITS LOVE TO DO.


ALEX
by
CHUCK
BASEMENT ART GALLERY
MOVE IT, LUMP! I CAN'T BEAR TO HAVE ANYTHING UGLY STAND BETWEEN ME AND SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT YOUR FACE THEN, BUB?!
FUDNICK, COME LOOK AT THIS!
YOUNG MAN, I'VE HALF-A-MIND....
NATURALLY!
WHEN THE OTHER HALF ARRIVES, GO SEE A DOCTOR!
AND WHAT ARE YOU, LITTLE LAMB?
I'M AN EXHIBIT!
ONE NEEDS ONLY "HALF"-A-MIND... WHEN DEALING WITH AN ASS-"WHOLE"!
SOUNDS TIRED AND BITTER... OL' DEAR!
WHO'S THE ARTIST? I LIKE HIS WORK...
MY MASTER! I'M ON LOAN TO THE GALLERY!

LISTEN CRETIN! I WRITE FOR A TOP "UNDERGROUND NEWSPAPER" AND MY CRITICAL ABILITY...
NO, YOU LISTEN, YOUR WHOLE BODY'S ABOUT TO BECOME CRITICAL!
DOES THE GALLERY HAVE AN "ON-LOAN" POLICY?
DON'T KNOW... BUT MY MASTER HAS ONE!
YOUNG MAN, IF YOU'RE GOING TO BECOME VIOLENT... PERHAPS WE COULD HAVE DINNER FIRST!!
CHOOSING A WORK OF ART IS A "HARD" DECISION... I MEAN, REAL HARD...
WELL, WHY DON'T YOU AND I STEP INTO THE NEXT EXHIBIT... WHERE WE CAN TRY IT OUT...
SEE YOU LATER, AL!
...I HAVE THIS SUPER "DUNGEON SET-UP" IN MY DUPLEX... AND MY ROOMMATE IS A COMPETITION BODY-BUILDER... WHAT YOU NEED IS SOME "FORM" IN WHICH TO WORK OUT YOUR HOSTILITY YOUNG MAN, AND POOPSIE AND I.....
I DON'T KNOW IF IT IS, ... "ART" ..... BUT, I KNOW WHAT I LIKE!
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DADDY FUCK

Continued from page 12

to see him running along the beach in shorts and sneakers. I was sitting on the porch when he came up the driveway and expired on the first step.

"I just had to get away from that typewriter," he panted.

"You should do this regularly," I offered. "I go every morning. Why not join me?"

"I'll see how it goes," he mumbled as he walked past me.

I felt that I had gotten the brush off, so I didn't even bother to invite him along the following morning. But I was very pleased when he caught up with me on the beach. We paced our stride and ran silently up to the public beach. When I turned into the parking lot, heading for the Post Office, he waved me off, saying he would meet me back at the beach in a few minutes.

When I got back to the shore, I saw him sitting in the shelter of the public changing rooms. He had taken off his shirt and put it behind him as he stretched out. His shorts were pushed down far enough to reveal the top of his jock and the dark matted hair curling over it. The dark hair continued up as far as his ribcage, then spread over his chest. He seemed proud of his body, and I instinctively felt that he was exposing it for my benefit. I pulled off my sweatshirt as I walked towards him and threw it beside his. He didn't move a muscle, but his eyes ran the length of my body, stopping briefly to rest on my thickening bulge.

"Isn't it a bit early for sunbathing?" I casually asked as I sat down next to him.

"It's perfect here. Besides, I couldn't run much further," he added. We both laughed and the tension seemed to subside. We chatted, and he mentioned that he was recently divorced, and had a son. When I pressed him on the subject, he informed me that he and his ex-wife had an "arrangement" whereby they agreed to stay together until the son was in college and able to handle the separation. I told him how much I admired him for that because the loss of my own father had been very difficult for me. As we talked further about the subject, I felt a bond between us. I had never expressed the anger and loss I felt, not even to my mother. She still had more than enough problems, and the subject only opened old wounds. I realized that I had been carrying all these words and feelings around with me for a very long time and telling them to Jack Boyd made me feel much lighter. I wanted to transmit my feelings to Jack but it was difficult to put them into words, and any physical gesture might also be considered a sexual one. Not that I was above that; it just seemed to be the wrong time.

Jack must have sensed this hesitancy, too. There was an awkward pause; he got up and put on his sweatshirt. I automatically stood and did the same. As my shirt slid down my raised arms, I felt his hands, warm from the sun, grab me around the waist. As the shirt slid over my head and from my eyes, he was only inches from my face, and staring at me. His grip grew tighter and I fell against his body. His lips brushed my neck as I held the back of his head. I turned my head and pressed my lips against his. The saliva on his tongue relieved the dryness of my mouth. My cock was already rock-hard and I rubbed it hungrily into his body. He pulled away from me and began searching the beach.

I said, "If you want some privacy, follow me." I grabbed his hand and led him to the deserted changing area.

The men's changing room was little more than a concrete, walled-in space with some private cubicles along one wall, rows of benches open to the sun, a few showers, and a small concession to check your clothes. Jack seemed very nervous. I assured him that there was only one entrance, which could be seen from the stalls. Before he could object, I pulled him into a cubicle and began to undo the drawstring on his shorts. They dropped to the floor, revealing the hardening bulge in his jockstrap. His sweat had matted the hair around the jock and on his legs.

I lowered myself to the floor and buried my face in his crotch. I sucked eagerly at the damp jock, running my tongue under the fabric, yet barely touching his cock and balls. I lost myself in the heavy man odor until he pushed me away. I watched while he stripped off his shirt, exposing his hairy chest and firm, hard nipples. I followed the trail of hair with my tongue until I reached his navel. I concentrated on that area as I lowered his jock. His dick sprang free, rubbing against the hair on my chest. I ran my hands over his firm, furry ass until I could feel the damp hairs in the crack. Hoping for a taste of his funky hole, I

Continued to page 28

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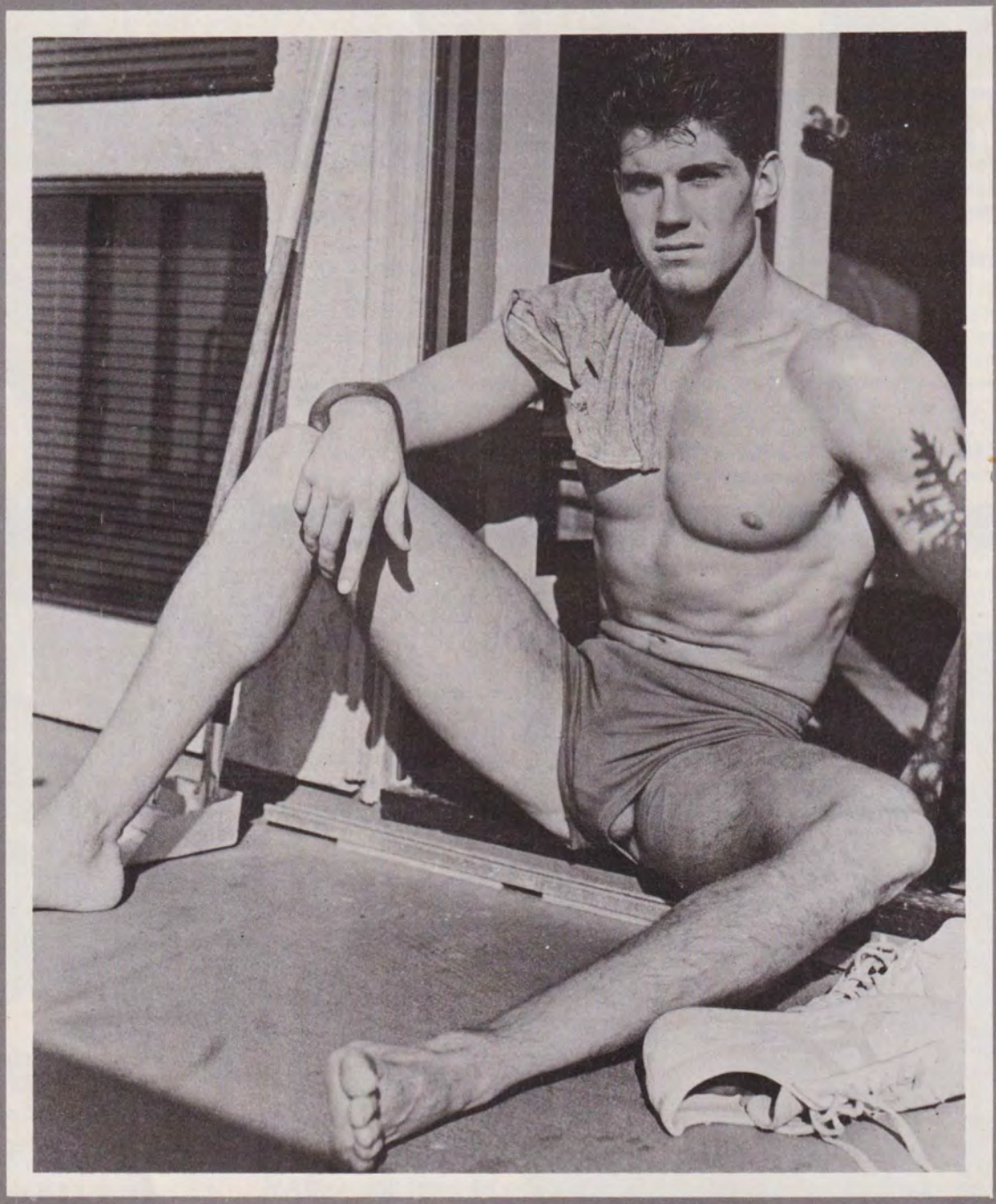
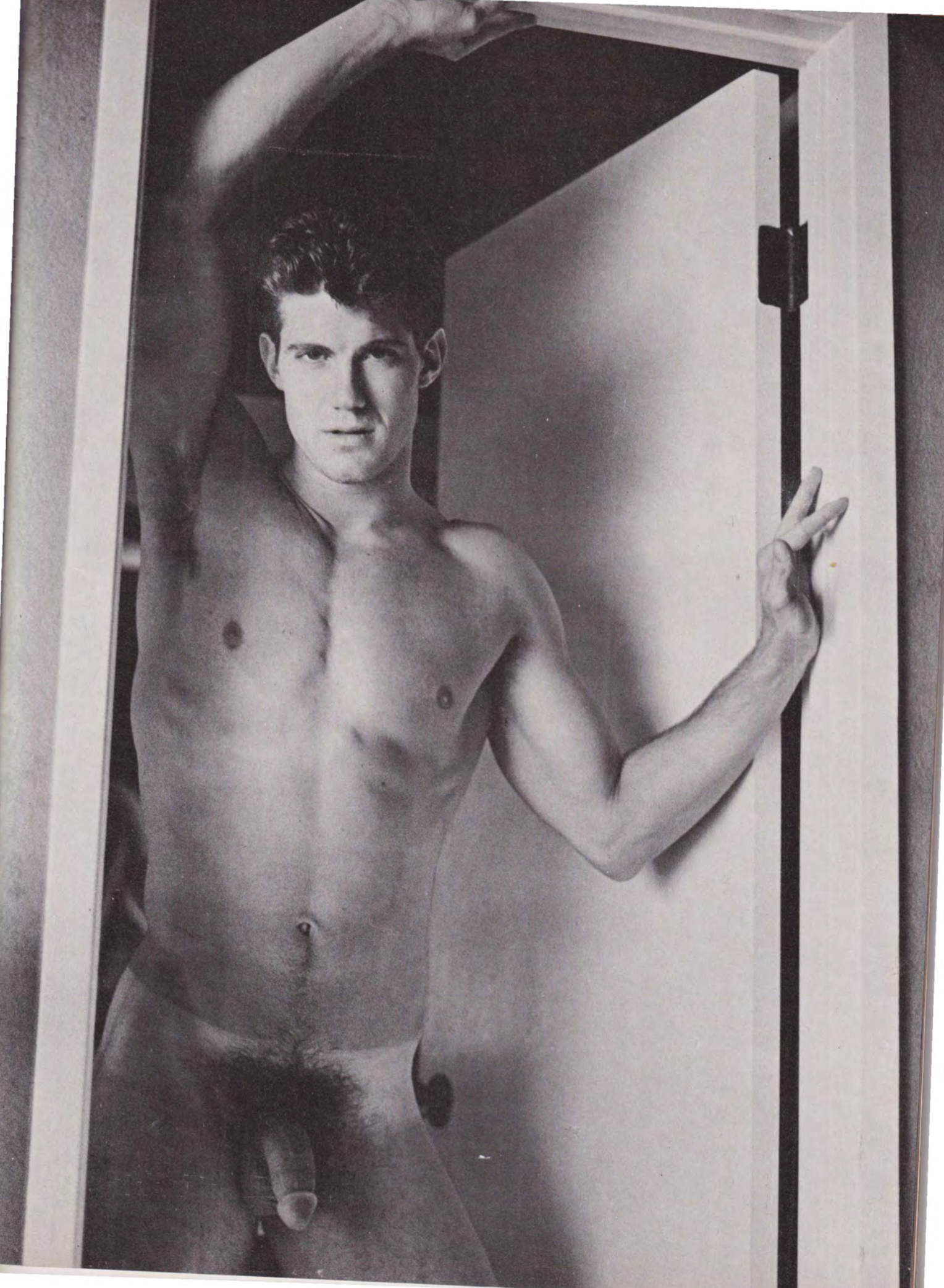
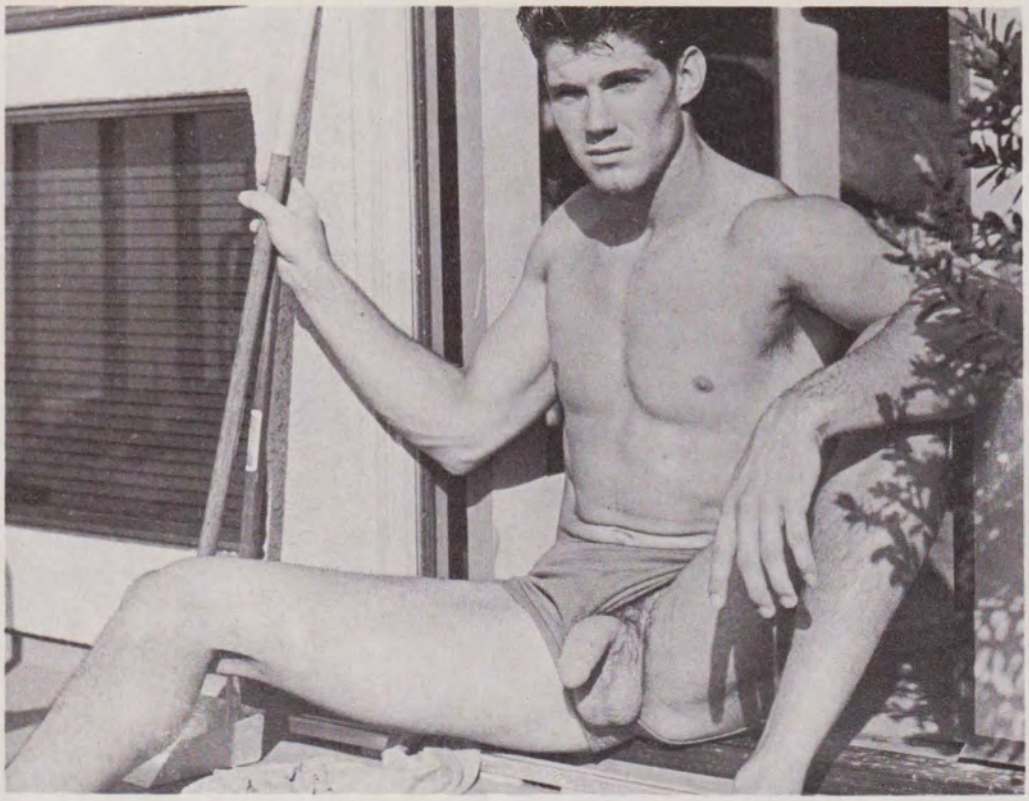


I was strolling up the beach one day, and I happened to look over at one of the few cabanas on that isolated stretch of shore. What do you think I saw? A hot hunk wearing a swimsuit—which is not uncommon, but this stud had his legs spread wide so that one of his balls was peeking out.

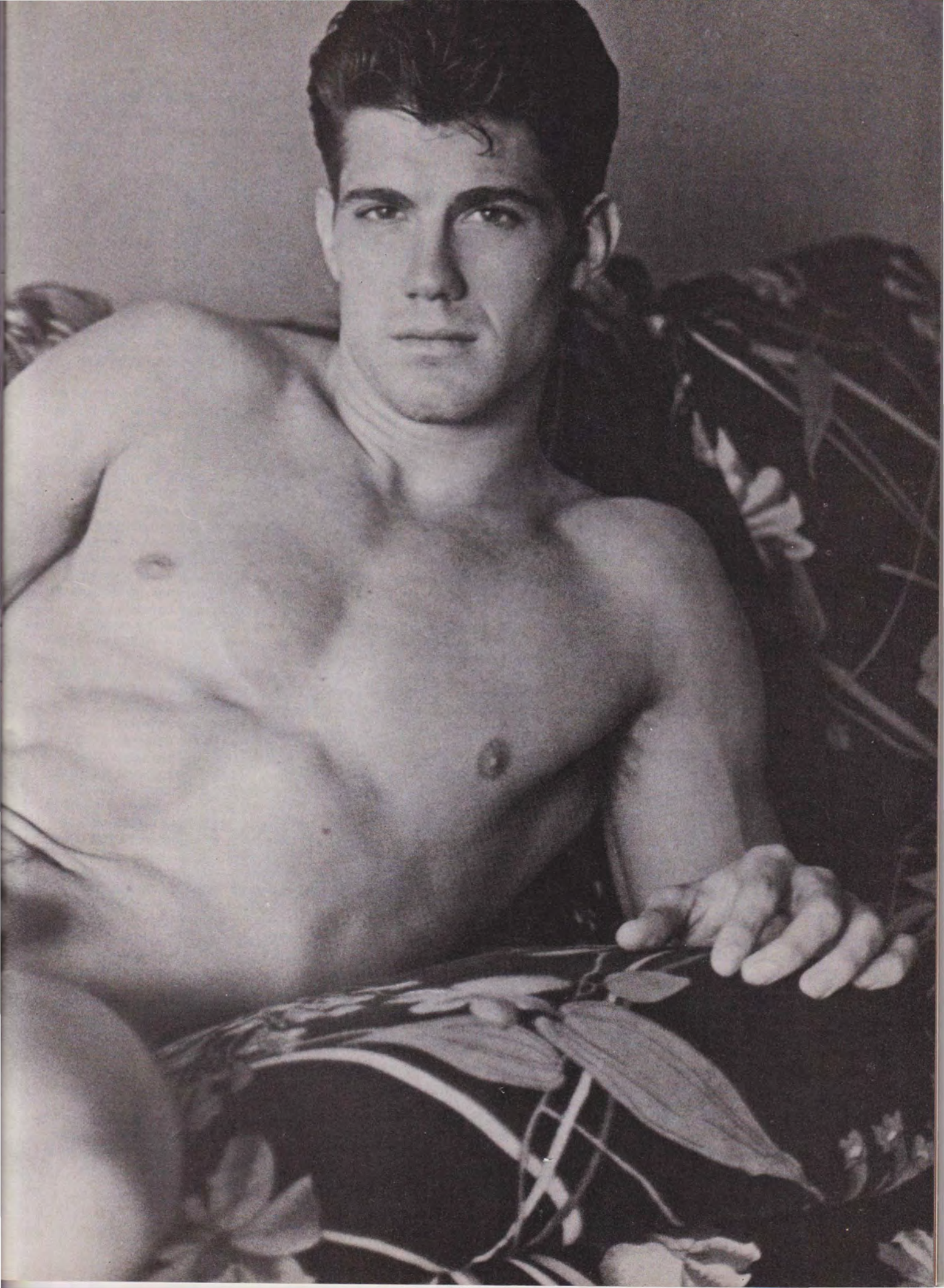
Section photographed by Falcon



STAR SUCKER



Guess what—it was all for me, and I took it all. We went inside and he stretched out on the sofa. I got down on my knees and gave him the best blow job he'd ever had at the beach (or anywhere else, I hope). When I was ready to leave, I said, "Don't I know you from somewhere?" And he told me his name: Bill Henson. I had just serviced the famous Falcon star! That makes me a star sucker, and I plan to suck more stars than there are in heaven.



DADDY FUCK

Continued from page 22

tried to turn him around, but he stopped me.

"Take my cock, son," he commanded.

"Yes, sir," I responded.

"I want you to suck daddy's cock and get it good and hard."

"Anything you want, daddy," I said as I bent lower and caught his big firm rod in my mouth.

I licked the pre-cum from his slit. The foreskin of his uncut cock still covered the head, so I ran my tongue between the layers of skin. I must have hit a nerve because his dick jumped forward, unsheathing itself and plunging down my throat. I held it as deep as I could, simultaneously massaging his hairy ball sack. Jack grabbed my hair, forcing me to suck harder. I ran my hands down his legs and pulled off his running shorts and jockstrap. As he spread his legs, I tugged at my own pants and lowered them.

He bent down and pulled me to my feet. Firmly he directed my mouth to his nipple. I kissed and licked it but the firmness of his grip told me he wanted more. I worked both his tits harder and harder, biting and pulling on them with my teeth. His hand began to explore my exposed ass, snapping the elastic band of the jock. One of his fingers began to massage my butthole, and then gradually worked its way inside me. I let my ass muscles relax and found another finger in me. Jack turned me around, his fingers still on target, and spat into his free hand. The he worked it up my hole. He sat down on one of the changing benches and pushed me forward over his knees. I rubbed my cock against his hairy legs as he probed deeper and deeper. Then a sharp sting on my ass: his hand came crashing down!

"You're going to be a good boy, aren't you?"

"Yes, daddy," I replied. "I want to be a good boy for you, sir."

"If you're not, I'm going to have to whip that ass, son."

"I'll be good, daddy, please don't whip me," I whimpered in obedience.

His fingers, wet with spit, probed my hole deeper. I felt as if half his hand were up there, and I was ready for more. His fingers slid in and out, opening me up more each time. My cock kept time with the pumping motion and I felt ready to explode. I felt my cum dripping onto his leg. His fingers released their hold on my asshole and he stood me up.

"Bend over that bench, boy."

"Yes, sir."

"I'm going to fuck you until I pump my load up that little boy's ass."

"Fuck me hard, sir. I want to feel your juice inside me!" I begged.

With that, he bent me over and rammed his dick up my ass. Holding me around the waist, he began to pound it home. He was right on target as he began pulling all the way out, then ramming it back in. With each thrust I let out a moan.

"Shut up, you punk," he ordered. He pumped harder and harder, his breath like a warm wind on my neck. I felt his whole body shudder as spurts of hot jism shot into me. I couldn't hold back any longer. I grasped my shaft and with a few swift strokes, my load came pouring out of me. I stifled a scream by biting into Jack's hand. He pulled it from my mouth and sent it across my buttocks. I spun around and caught the flat of this hand across my face. The force of it knocked me backwards onto the wet, sticky bench. I sank to my knees. I could feel my daddy's load dripping from my hole, but I didn't care anymore.

"Don't you ever bite me again, boy, or you won't be able to sit down for a week. Do you understand?"

I nodded my head meekly.

"Let's get home. Your mother will wonder where her men have gone."

"Yes, daddy," I responded with ease, surprised at the comforting sound.

We walked slowly back to the house, picking up shells and tossing stones into the sea. We smiled at each other but never spoke. Jack broke the silence as we walked up the driveway.

"See you at dinner tonight, son."

"Right. . .and thank you for the nice morning," I murmured.

Nothing more was said that day but I got a sly wink when my mother mentioned how nice it was having two men around the house. The next morning I loitered on the porch, limbering up, until Jack came down in his sweats. I followed him down to the beach and we set off towards town. When we reached the parking lot, I headed,as usual, toward town and he continued down the beach.

When I returned, he was nowhere to be seen. I entered the changing area, my heart beating in time with my dick, knowing now that he wouldn't be

Continued to page 37

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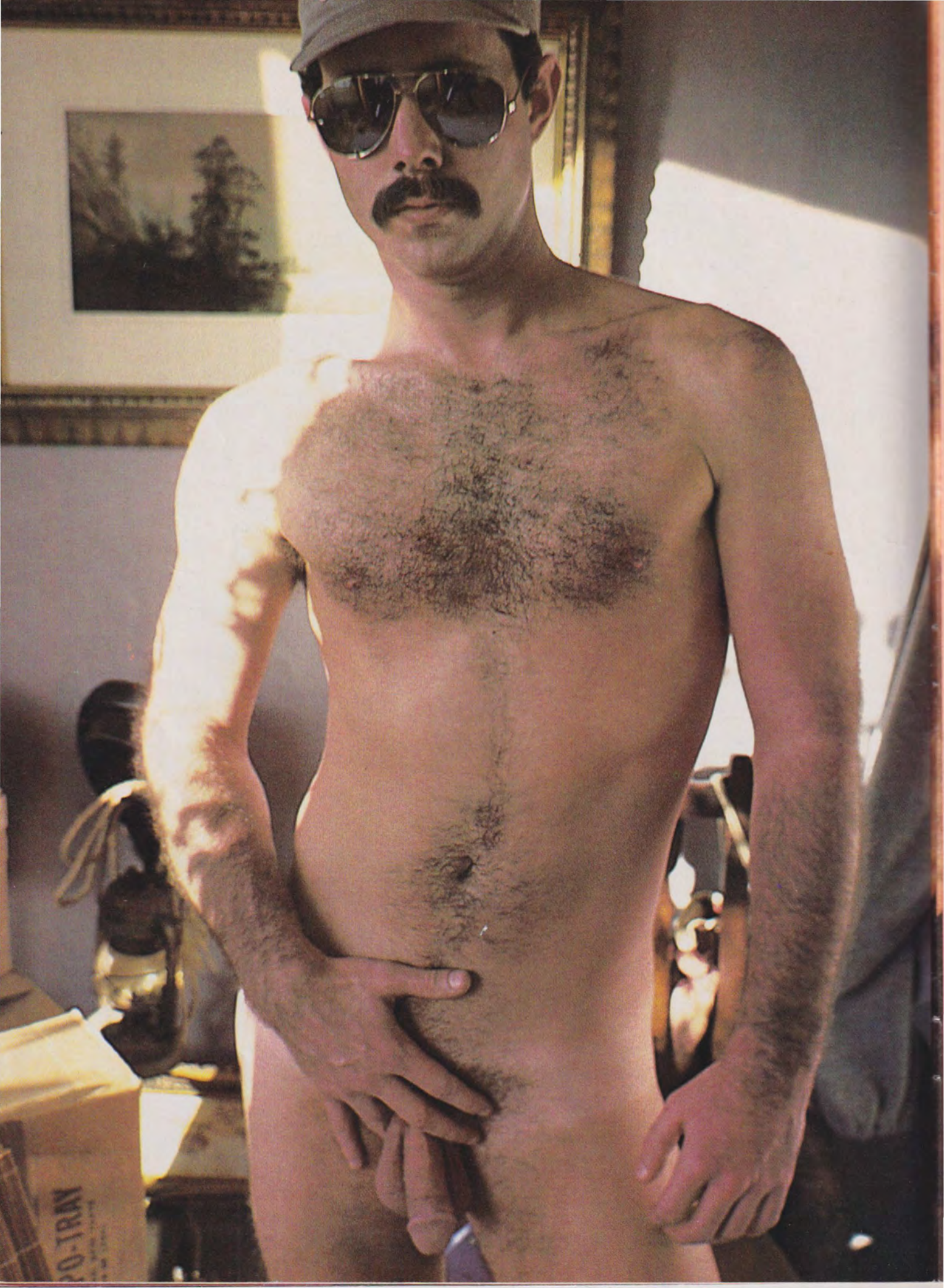
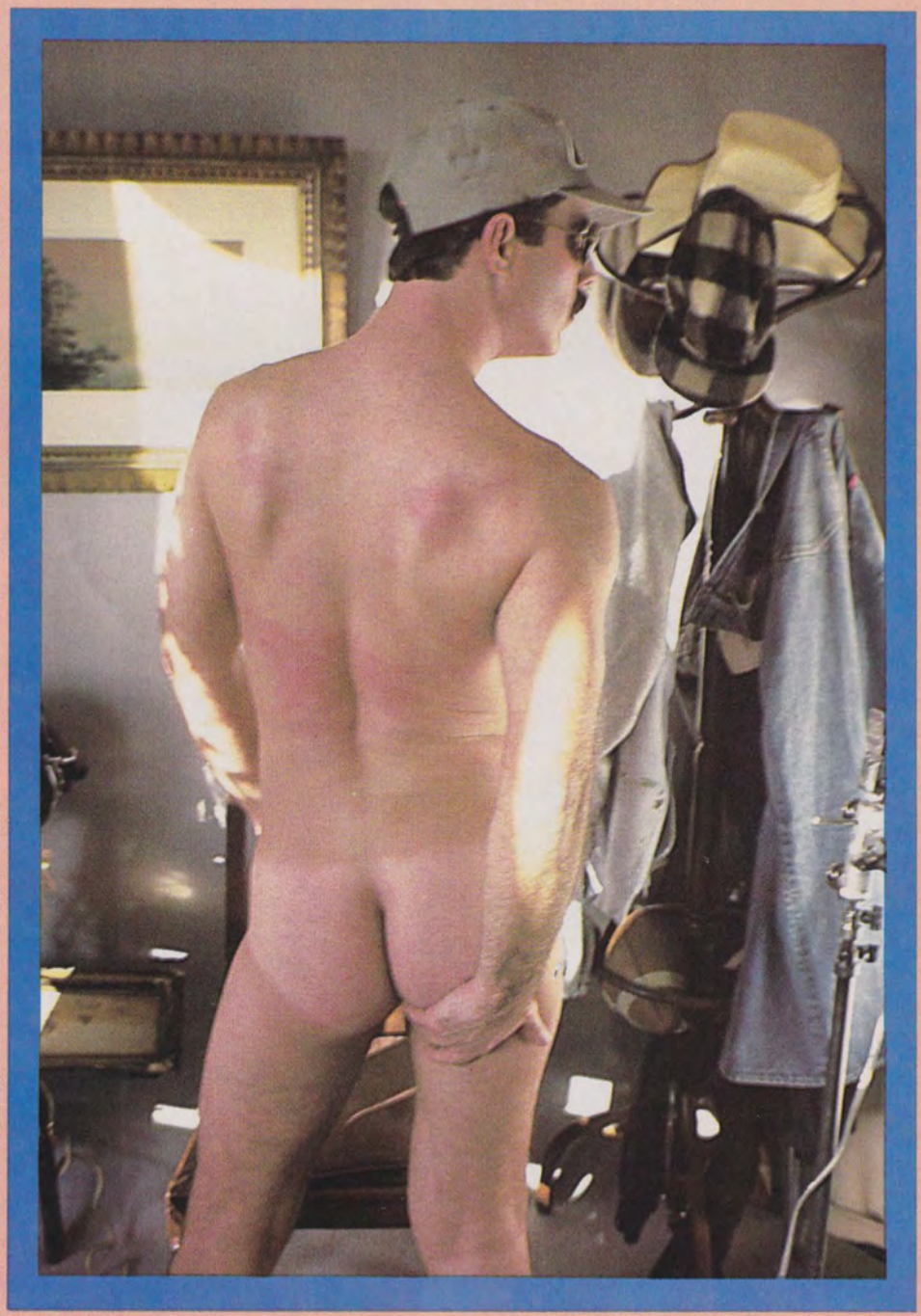
Section photographed by Matthew E. Newman

TOW JOB

If Shane decides he likes you, he'll tow you to his place. And unlike the usual wrecking company overlord, he'll be mighty accommodating. You can get what's coming to you without any hassles. "Just get your clothes off," he says, "and we'll see what kinda deal we can make."



TOW JOB



Before you do business, Shane shows you his towing equipment. It's only fair, he figures. After all, you need to know what kind of service he can offer. Ready to lock bumpers now?

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DADDY FUCK

Continued from page 28

there. I was right. I searched all the cubicles and possible hiding places, then returned to the empty beach. I searched up and down, my disappointment growing. Returning to the changing room, I sat down on the bench where I had been fucked the day before and replayed the scene in my mind. I pictured him naked, except for sweatsox and jock, standing in front of me as I ran my tongue all over his hairy body. I felt his sweat and coarse hair against my face as I spread the cheeks of his ass and forced my tongue up his hole. As I began rubbing my crotch, I could taste the last drops of juice from his piss slit. I pulled my cock out from my pants and began pumping it. Without realizing it, I had knelt on the floor in front of the bench and begun running my tongue and lips over the wood. I licked up the dampness, imagining Jack's ass and his cum spread all over the bench. As I sucked greedily, eyes closed, my hand beat my meat off until a thick steam of white juice poured onto the floor. As I knelt there, panting, a sound brought me back to reality.

"Don't ever let me catch you playing with yourself again."

Jack was leaning against the wall, naked except for his sox and shoes, just as I pictured him. His dick was hard and he was pumping it with one hand while the other tugged at his balls. I tried to stammer an apology, but I was too embarrassed. All my emotions showed on my face as I slowly walked over to him. I bowed my head.

"I thought you were never coming back, daddy," I stammered as I knelt in front of him.

"Daddy wasn't going to come here. In fact, daddy was going to hightail it out of here. I spent all night thinking of whether to go or to stay. I had made my mind up until I saw that cute little boy's butt of yours heading for this place."

As he spoke, he kept pulling on his long, hard rod. His hairy balls moved up and down. I lifted my eyes and stared into his as I opened my mouth and offered it to him.

"I wanted to go, but when I saw my boy, kneeling down, tongueing that bench like it was daddy's asshole, I knew you were going to be daddy's boy for a long time. There wasn't anything I could do about it."

His breathing grew heavy as the length and fierceness of his strokes increased. His muscles tensed up; I moved forward to take his cock in my mouth. I kissed it as the first spurt of white cream shot forward. He arched his back and glob after glob of his man juice coverd my tongue, lips and moustache. My eyes never left his. As the last drops landed on my lips his whole body shook in rhythm to his breathing and he managed to gasp, "Daddy's. . .coming. . .home!" ■

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Leigh W. Rutledge • Illustration by Jess Nicholas

"Yeah, I have about a 70% conception rate. I'd guess I've passed the rod about 200 times this year."

"Where'd you learn to breed?"

"American Breeder Service School back in Oklahoma City." As he talked to me, he shifted his weight from one leg to the other and then stretched his entire body. His dusty jeans were riding low on his strong hips, and his sweaty t-shirt rose just above his navel. His belly was invitingly muscular and flat with a trail of light brown hair down the middle of his gut muscles. The fly of his jeans swelled commandingly with an obviously weighty piece of farmboy meat. His jeans were snug—threadbare in the butt, knees, and inner thigh—and his ass, hips, thighs, and sexual gear seemed ready to bust out of them.

His name was John, and he was in his early twenties. For the past two years, he'd been working here on a dairy farm in Rifle, Colorado—though he'd told me he was originally from Enid, Oklahoma, where he'd been born and raised on his father's and uncle's horse ranch. He was an assistant herdsman: hauling oats and straw, feeding calves, fixing tractors, and working as the dairy's artificial insemination technician.

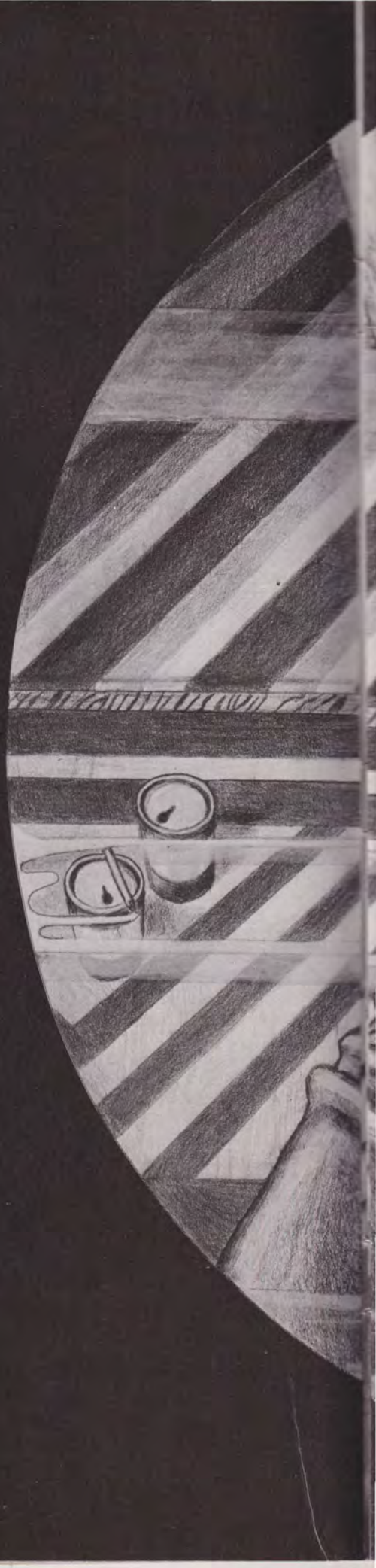
I was at the farm to look at a promising bull for the breeding service where I worked: Select Sires, out of Plains City, Ohio. Select Sires acquires semen from all over the country.

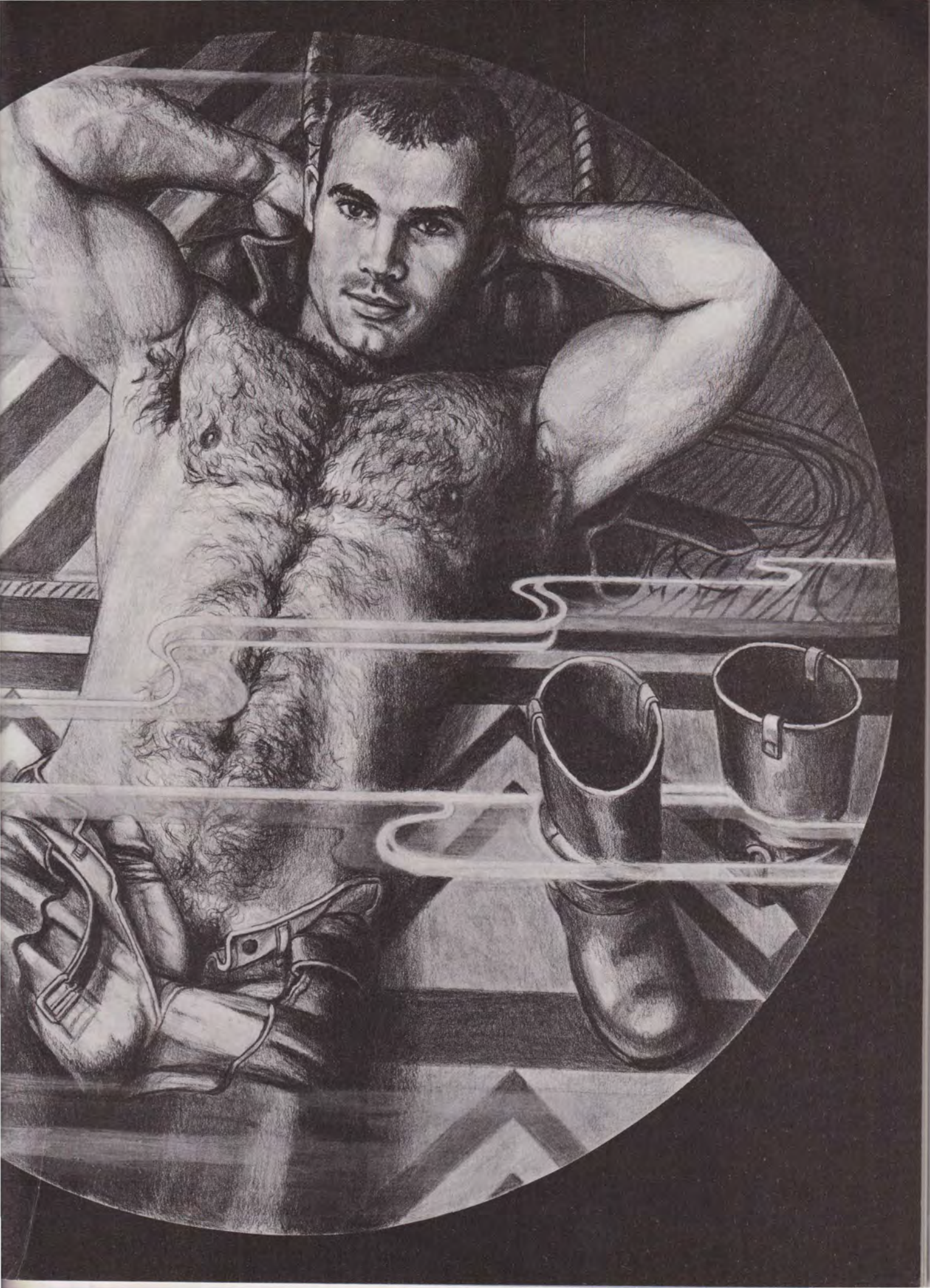
"Yeah, it takes a fine feel to breed," I said.

"I'd like to see the breeding service headquarters," he said, rubbing his chest lovingly. Sweat was starting to soak clear through his shirt. There was a trace of a cocky grin on his lips. "I'd like to see how they collect all that semen." He looked down at my boots and gradually worked his way up to my belt. His eyes were brilliant green, and he had a simple, rugged, powerfully goodlooking face with very short, light brown hair. His eyes were riveting, like the intense color of grass or alfalfa when it first comes up through the frozen ground in early spring.

"Those bulls really put out," I replied, hooking my thumbs in my pockets so that my fingers pressed against the anxious bulge in my jeans.

"I'm gonna teach you a few things about breeding," I said. I slowly unbuttoned my fly and pulled out my cock. "Yeah, I could use a good lesson," he panted.





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"Yeah, I understand they can ejaculate about a quart of sperm a day." He reached down and casually felt himself in the crotch.

"More or less."

We'd been standing next to the bull pens, where a prize Holstein—as big as a pickup truck—eyed us lazily: he was rendered helpless and fettered to his stall by a line of cable attached to a large brass ring in his nose.

It was a sweltering evening: seven o'clock and still in the mid-nineties. The air seemed thin; it was dusty and permeated with the earthy smell of a dairy.

"I'll come straight to the point," he suddenly said. "I've got a balling gun, a couple of dose syringes, a prod, some obstetrical chains, navel cord clamps, and some other shit in the back of my pickup. Are you interested in taking a couple of beers and going for a ride?"

My dick was completely up.

"Sounds good," I said.

"I'll be back in a minute." He disappeared inside the small, ramshackle farmhouse where he lived on the dairy and returned with a six-pack of cold beer. He'd stripped his shirt off. He had massively developed, almost gnarled biceps and firm, full, lightly hairy pecs—none of that big city, weekend bodybuilder shit, but a hot body honestly hewn from farm life and hard work. He seemed a little nervous, but was very aroused. There was no mistaking the fat, erect cock under that faded denim crotch.

We drove several hundred yards down an irrigation road between two quarters of alfalfa. "I'm gonna teach you a few things about breeding," I said. I slowly unbuttoned my fly and pulled out my cock. He took a long, hard look at my thick eight-inch dick, and then brought the pickup to a stop in a really secluded spot near the dairy's sewage lagoon. "Yeah, I could use a good lesson," he said breathlessly, whipping open his fly and pulling his tight jeans down around his thighs. His cock was longer than mine and just as fat, and his balls were as big as a bull's. I liked the way his naked ass plumped out against the vinyl seat. "The stuff's in back of you there," he said. "Why don't you take a look?" His entire body was edgy with anticipation, from his glimmering eyes to his supercharged dick, which he was now stroking expectantly.

I reached behind the seat and pulled out a handful of obstetrical chains: fine chains, each about 30 inches long, with wide loops at each end. Dairymen use them to aid in difficult births, but I imagined they'd also be pretty good for chaining up a young human stud.

Next, there was a small cardboard box filled with odds and ends: hypodermic needles, rubber examination gloves, some disposable rectal rings, and some navel cord clamps. The clamps were used to prevent infection from entering a new-born animal through the navel cord. But they looked like they'd make pretty decent tit clamps.

"You ever had one of these on your nipples, boy?" I asked.

I could see his big cock twitch with excitement, and he started stroking it faster.

I slapped on the rubber examination gloves and then reached over and pinched each of his nipples until they were pointed and erect. Then I put a navel cord clamp on each one. He moaned and squirmed, but his dick never flagged. He was starting to sweat heavily, and his face was flushed. I took two of the obstetrical chains and chained his hands behind his back. It was an awkward position for him, but he seemed to really get off on the helplessness of his situation. Then I wrapped a third chain around the base of his nuts and brought it up around his cock, around and around, until his prick was completely wrapped in chain.

"Lift your butt off the seat, boy," I said.

He managed to lift his ass up a little, and I slid one of my rubber-gloved hands under it. I fingered his tight, warm, farmboy butthole and told him he was going to get a lesson in breeding he wouldn't soon forget.

"Yes, Sir," he moaned. "I want to be fucked, Sir. I want to be bred like some farm animal. I want you to hump me in the butt."

I interrupted the rectal examination to pull out some more gear from behind the seat. There were some dose syringes for giving medicine to animals, some leather neck straps for calves, an 18-inch livestock prod, a hoof nipper, and finally the balling gun.

The balling gun is a sexy, mean-looking device. At one end, where the operator holds it, it's got three loops: two for fingers and one for operating the plunger. The body of the gun is long and tapered, a steel rod about 16 inches long and half-an-inch in diameter. At the end of it, the end that goes into the animal's mouth, there's a wide, hollow, lucite tube four inches

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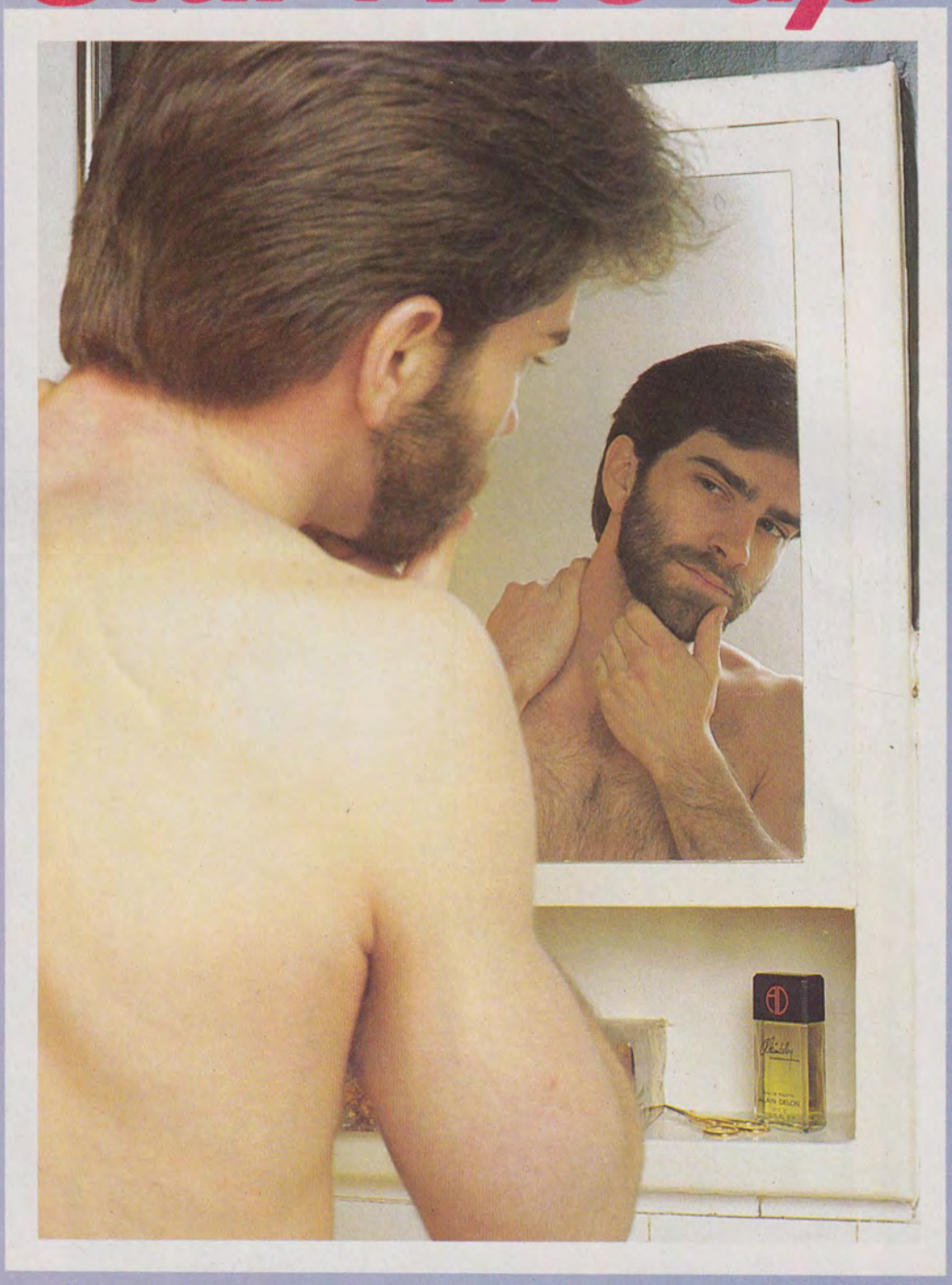
start me up



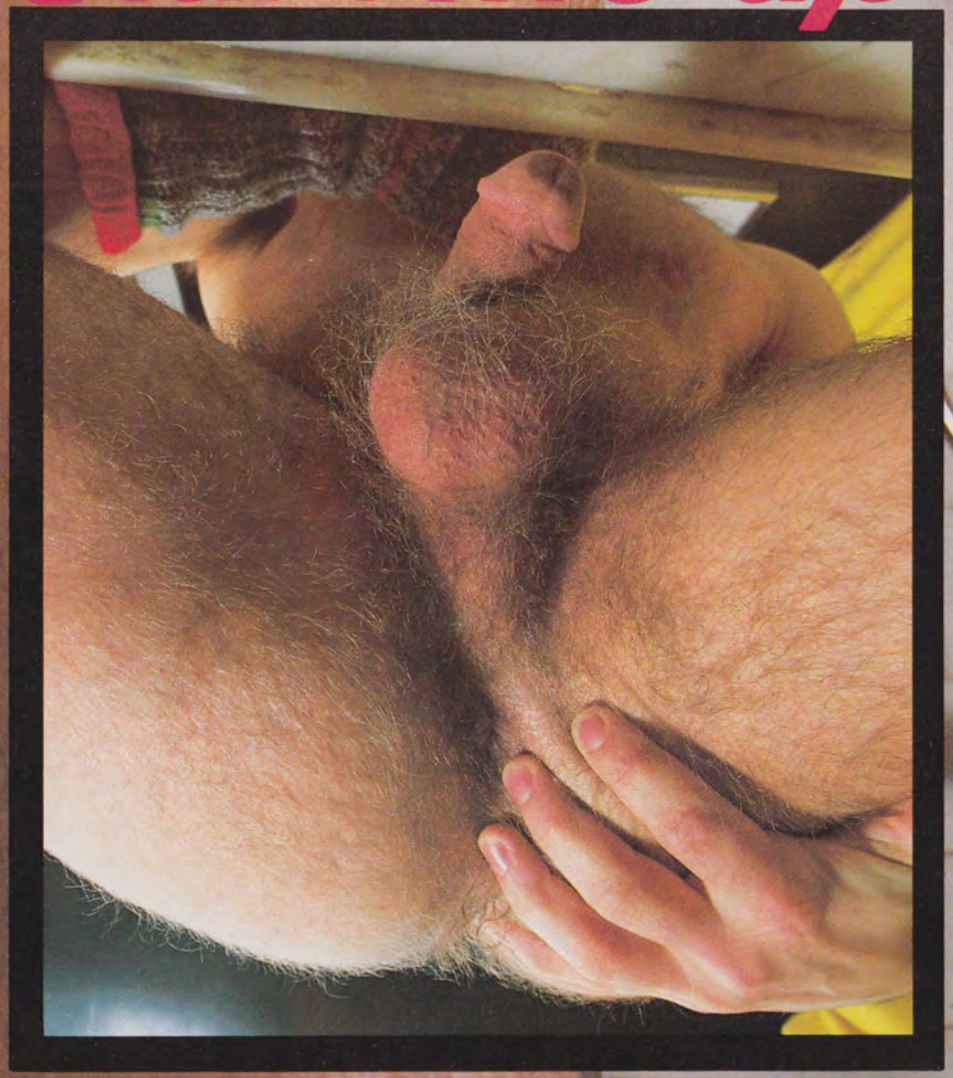
"Okay, fella, this morning you're gonna be on time for work. No more putzing around in the bathroom, jerking off and such. Just wash up, trim the beard, get dressed, and get the fuck out!"

Section photographed by Naakkve

start me up

"Well, maybe I'll play around just a little bit. I got a few minutes to spare, so what's the harm? I'll just loop this belt under my balls and pull it real snug— mmmm, that feels great! Now where's that rawhide thong of mine? Let me just tie that so it bites right into my nips..."

start me up



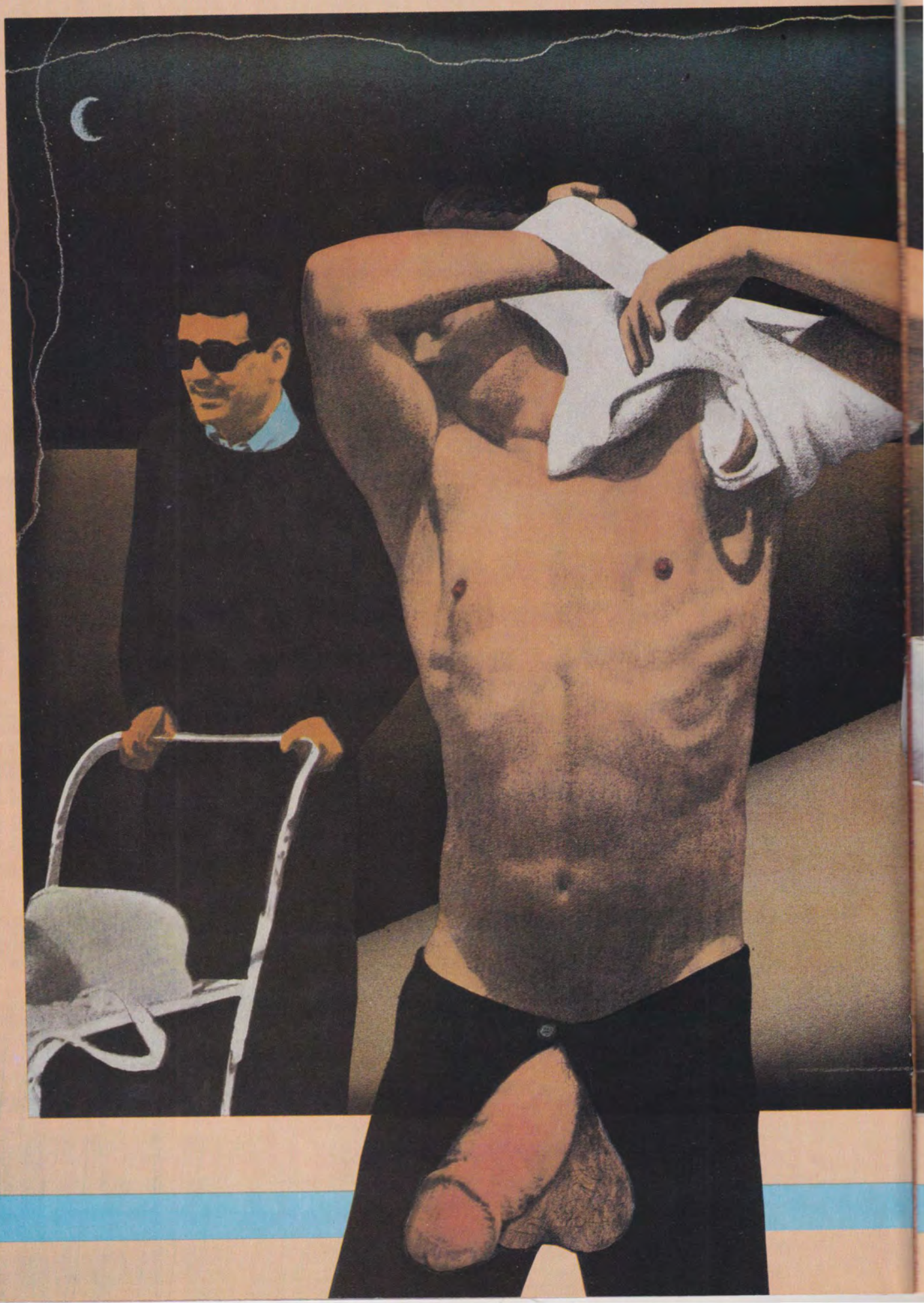
"Damn, that feels good! My tits are super-sensitive, and as soon as they get aroused, up goes my dick. Better climb up here and stick it under the faucet. No time now for a shower, so maybe a little cold water from the tap will do the trick."

start me up

"Ah shit, it didn't work. Damn thing only got harder! Guess there's only one thing to do. Better forget about punching the clock and just slam my ham!"

start me up

"Quite a sight, aren't I? Clothespins on my tits, dick red and swollen, my sweet hairy asshole winking away. Now I know I'm gonna be late, but I don't care. Let my boss dock me for the time. Like the song says, if you start me up, baby, I can never stop!"



The Daddynappers

"Fuck off, faggot," the young father barked at the masked man. "Now, now," the man reproved. "I just complimented your nice big dick, and that's how you show your appreciation?"

"Look, Jenny, you'll just have to forget about the goddam butcher block table for a month or so, okay? Christ, we haven't even gotten the Visa bill for the vacation yet!"

Jenny kicked an empty beer can out of her path and worked up an obdurate expression on her small, oval face. This further accentuated the swaths of apricot-colored make-up that reached from the tops of her cheeks to her cheekhollows. She pushed a hank of ash-bonde hair out of her face.

"I don't know why you're so worried about the damn Visa bill. So we'll pay it eventually. It's no problem."

"Yeah, sure, no problem. The Visa bill's no problem. Neither is the Bloomie's bill, or the Diners Club. Shit, Jenny, whaddya think, we got money to piss away?"

"Oh fuck off, John. You're the best damn programmer in your office and you're due for a raise. So stop worrying! Really!"

"Reee-lly," he mimicked, nastily. "It would reeeelly help if you'd learn to control your extravagance. I think I'm gonna sign you up for Shoppers Anonymous."

"John, you can be such a prick!"

"Yeah, baby," he growled, grabbing himself between his legs. "And you love it!"

Jenny almost laughed, but she caught herself. "Not funny, John," she pouted. John shrugged. He knew her pique wouldn't last. And neither would his bladder if he didn't empty it soon. He glanced down at his baby son Jason, asleep inside the carriage, his blue blanket pulled up on his chest.

"Daddy's gotta pee," he announced to the slumbering infant. "Be right back!" John headed off the path and into the bushes.

"John!" Jenny called after him. "Don't leave me here alone with Jason! Can't you wait until we leave the park?"

"No!" he yelled back as he trudged into deep woods.

John found a tall tree set in a thickly wooded area invisible to people passing on the footpaths. He unzipped his pants, yanked out his dick, and, with a shudder, began to piss. He made concentric patterns on its thick trunk, and then sprayed an "x" over the circles. When his flow dwindled, he shook the

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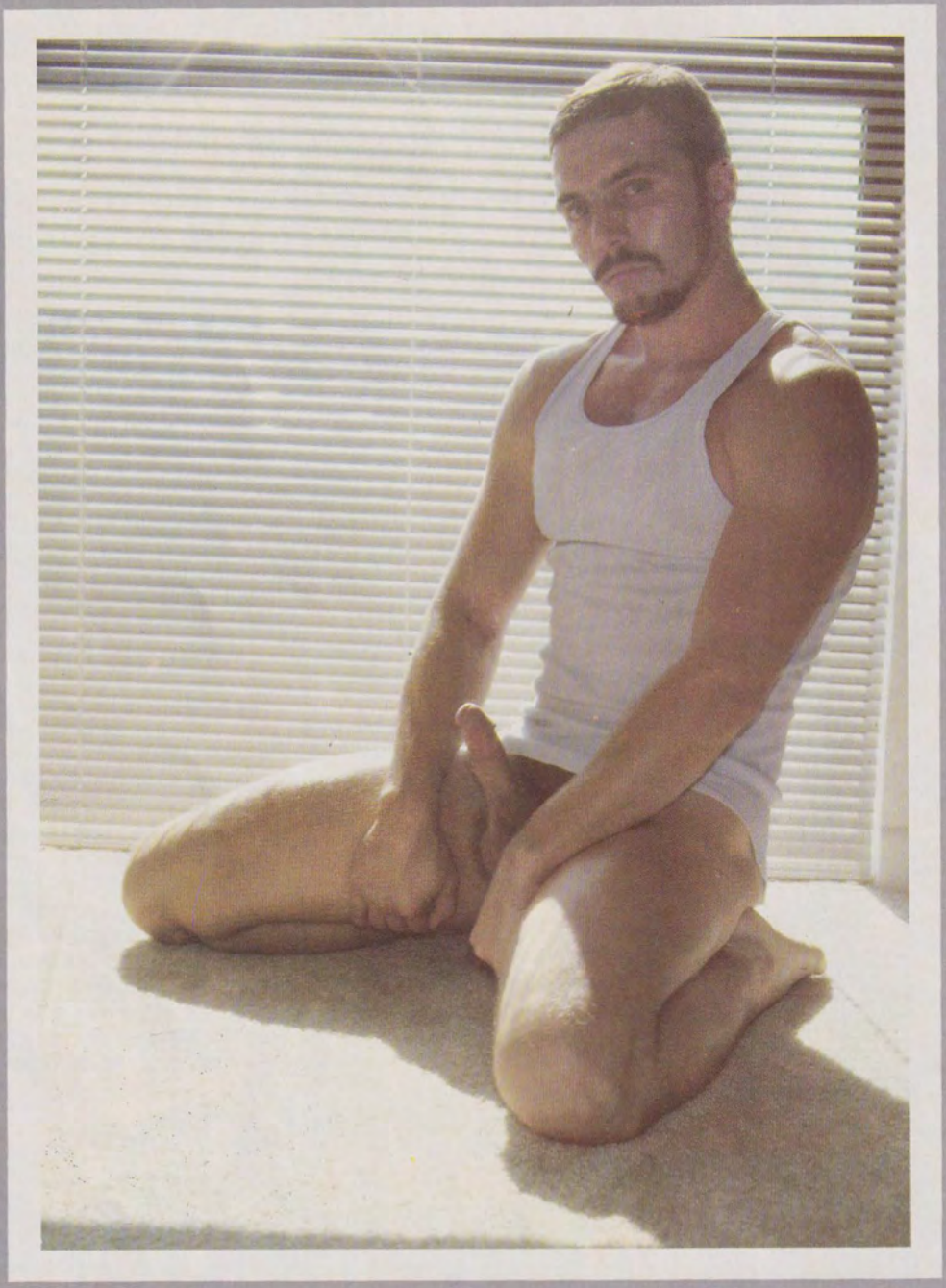
By Mario Mangiacazzo • Illustration by Carl Wesley

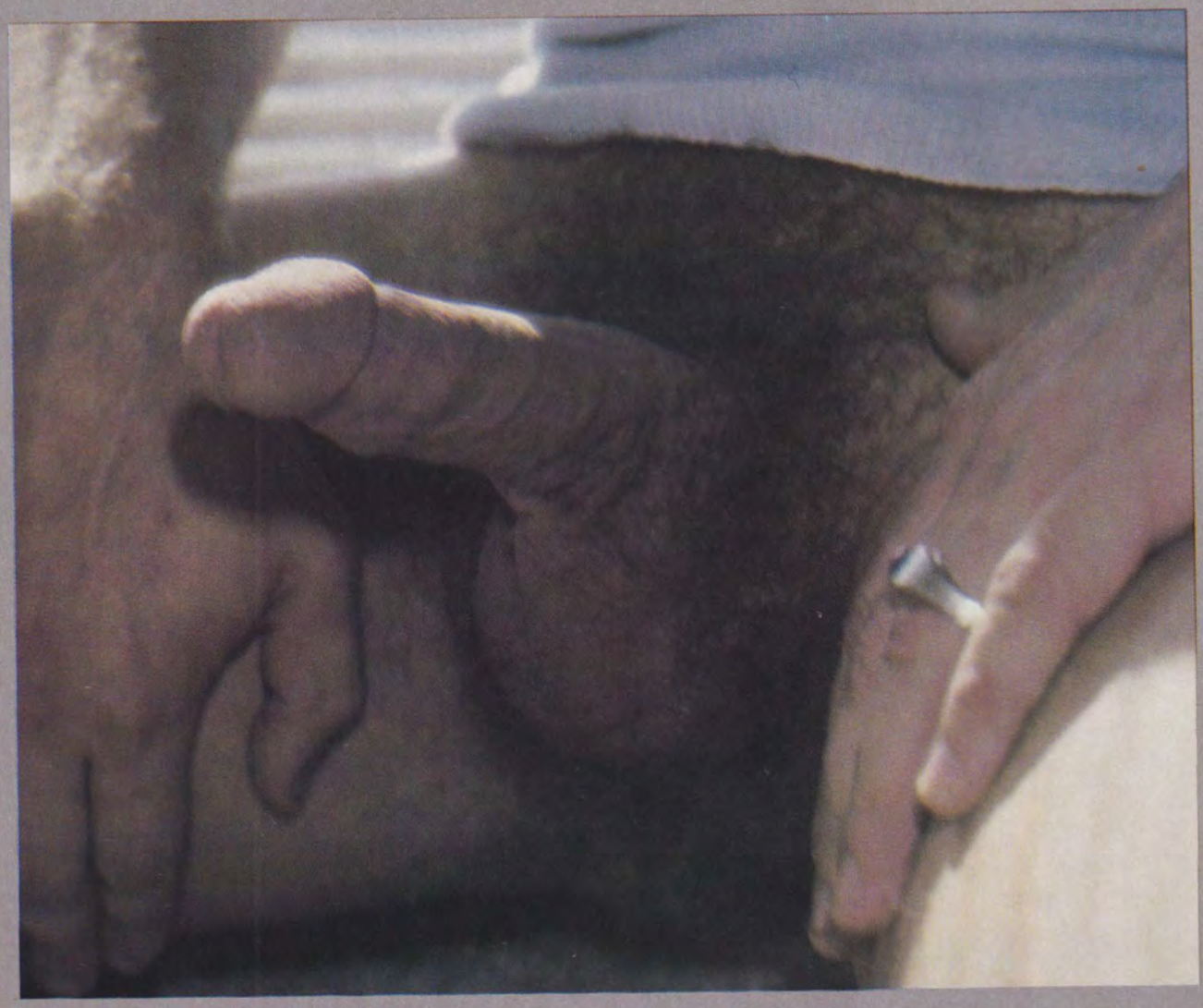
BLIND PASSION



Slanting across a window, the blinds half reveal, half conceal the manly form within. The semi-hidden man can almost be seen from the street.

Section photographed by Bob Young

BLIND PASSION



Is any sight quite so exciting as one which should be hidden? The man outside knows he is being watched by the stud behind the blinds. Through the slats, eyes flash an invitation to come inside and examine the goods at close range. Then the blinds will close; they will have done their work.

THE DADDYNAPPERS

Continued from page 51

last droplets of piss onto the ground. When he heard approaching footsteps softly crunching the fallen tree branches, he hurried to stuff himself back in his pants.

"Leave it out, man," a husky voice ordered.

"What the fuck?" John yelped when he turned and saw a stocky man in t-shirt and jeans, a black ski mask concealing his face.

"Nice dick you got, man," the intruder said. "Leave it out so I can get a better look."

John looked down at his crotch; his dick was halfway out of his pants. He shoved it all the way in and zipped up.

"Fuck off, faggot!" he barked at the masked man.

"Now, now," the man reproved. "I just complimented your nice big dick, and that's how you show your appreciation?" He walked closer to John, his hand rubbing his own crotch.

"Get lost, creep!" John barked. He moved out of the stranger's path, but the man followed him. "Fuck off, I said!" John tried to push the man out of his way, but he was a solid, ruggedly built character. Shoving him was like trying to budge a brick wall. Alarmed, John swung at the man, but he easily deflected the punch and took hold of John's forearm. John aimed another punch with his free hand, but the masked stranger blocked that one, too. As John struggled to free himself, he heard someone approach. "Help!" he cried. The man in the ski mask laughed, a low, sardonic rumble. The footsteps drew closer, and suddenly a pair of hands grasped John from behind. The hands squeezed his hips; they then circled his waist and tugged at his belt buckle. "Help! Somebody help, dammit!" John cried. One of the hands left his belt buckle and slapped his face. John continued to struggle and cry out—until a wide strip of adhesive tape sealed his lips. Now he was terrified: he couldn't free his hands from the masked man's unyielding grip and the guy coming at him from behind was unbuckling his belt and opening his pants. He bucked his hips and kicked his legs, but his exertions were useless. In seconds his pants and underwear were bunched around his ankles. The two men dragged him over to a fallen log and forced him to lie over it, his butt sticking up and his face pressing into the warm, humid earth. While the masked guy held his hands, the other one—John hadn't gotten a look at him yet—bound his wrists with tape. Rough, heavy hands slapped his bare ass, causing him to wriggle. His tormentors both laughed. Then the hands spread the cheeks of his butt, and he recoiled when he felt a finger daub something cold and slimy around his asshole. The finger pushed its greasy way into his hole, thrust in and out several times, and then withdrew. It was replaced by a thick, rigid cock that nosed around his slimy asslips for a moment before plunging in. John tried to scream, but no sound escaped his sealed lips. His eyes watered, and the tears ran down his face and onto the ground.

The men intended to get what they wanted from the hot Hispanic het. "You wanna go home with your nuts in your back pocket, man?" one guy hissed. The three gay love bandits circled Ramon. He knew the jig was up.

One of his tormentors lifted John's head from the ground. Like the man in the ski mask, this one also was powerfully built. A black tanktop revealed massive shoulders sprinkled with brown hair and thick forearms knotted with cable-like sinews. The man's bulging pectorals were like iron-plated mounds, the large nipples outlined by the thin fabric of the tank-top. The man wore a Darth Vader Halloween mask. When John saw it, he panicked. He tried to clench his buttocks tight to expel the cock plunging into his ass, but the man fucking him retaliated by humping more fiercely. The man in the Darth Vader mask unbuttoned the fly of his jeans and hauled out a stiff, uncircumcised cock. He peeled back the foreskin and jacked off, aiming his one-eyed weapon in John's fear-contorted face. As Darth Vader masturbated, the ski-masked fucker quickened his tempo. He slammed his hips hard against John's ass, driving in his dick to the hilt. With a deep grunt he came, emptying the load from his swollen nuts into John. Within seconds Darth Vader came, too, shooting creamy wads of cum onto the hapless man's face. When the ski-masked man pulled out of John's ass, he dug into his pants pocket and pulled out a round, white decal. He peeled off the backing label and slapped the decal onto John's sweaty left butt. It bore one word, written in bright red letters: "Daddynapped." Ski Mask pulled up his pants and tucked his dick away; Darth Vader did the same. As they dashed off, Jenny came bounding into the woods, a squalling baby Jason in her arms. She got a quick glimpse of the retreating men. Then she screamed when she saw her husband's familiar fleshy ass bent over the log.

"John!" she wailed, bursting into tears. "You bastard! You lied to me! You promised you were gonna give all that up when we got married!"

* * * *

Inez was in a foul mood. Ramon had made an awful scene at the christening party for their daughter Julia. Getting drunk, and grabbing her sister Sonia's ass. Calling her brother Eddie a "mariconcito," just because the boy was studying to be a fashion designer and liked to wear a gold loop in his left ear. And then, the worst, most unforgiveable offense: he mocked her mother's religion, laughing at the statues of the *santos,* disrespectfully handling the amulets and talismans lying on the altar she kept in her bedroom, and chiding her for keeping herbs and incense. "Hey Mama," he drawled, crinkling his nose in disgust. "Why you wanna stink up your house with all them nasty herbs and things? How come you didn't leave all that crazy shit back in P.R.?" Inez' older brother Guillermo, home on leave from the Marines, almost slugged Ramon, but several other of her male relatives stepped in and broke up the near-brawl. Mortified, Inez left the party early, dragging Ramon with her. She apologized fervently to all her seething relatives—"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, he's not like this at home, he gets crazy when he drinks. . ."

Now, as they headed through Cen-

tral Park to West 86th Street, she was silent. Implacably, icily silent. She wouldn't speak to him for days. Maybe weeks. Nasty, low-class macho, she thought. Ramon silently pushed the stroller carrying a wide-eyed Julia, who, like her mother, was silent. He stole a look at his wife, hoping to detect signs of softening, of forgiveness. He saw none. Damn, he muttered. The rum and beer he had drunk were giving him a monster headache, and his wife's intransigence was beginning to bug him. He knew that he'd been a total jerk at his mother-in-law's, and that contrition was due. But something in him made him want to rebel.

"Hey Inez," he blurted. "You gonna talk to me sometime this year? I mean, okay, so I was out of control. I'm sorry, really. I'll call your mother tomorrow and apologize. Now howabout givin' me a smile, eh, *chica*? C'mon baby, say somethin' nice to me."

Inez glared at him and then turned away, walking ahead while he pushed the stroller. So he thinks he's gonna get off that easy, eh? What nerve!

Exasperated, Ramon threw his hands up. "Okay, Inez!" he exclaimed. "Don't talk to me! Ignore me all you want! Fuck this! You think I was drunk before? I'm gonna go get really fucked up now!" He turned and stalked off, leaving his wife and baby on the footpath.

"Ramon!" Inez screamed. "If you go drinking don't you come home tonight! I mean it! I won't let you in! I'll call the cops if you come home drunk!"

Ramon waved her off with a wide slash of his arm, and stalked away. Damn, my fuckin' head hurts, he muttered to himself. Maybe I can score some reefer in the park. That'll take the edge off. As he made his way through the park—half-walking, half-stumbling—he realized he didn't know where he was heading. He climbed a steep path, and when he reached the top, he saw a wide, grassy field covered with men lying on blankets. Most were either stripped to the waist or in bathing suits.

"Maricones," he muttered in disgust. Nothin' but fuckin' faggots.

He headed back down the sloping path, nearly tripping over tangled vines and the jagged rocks that poked up from the earth. He gripped a tree branch to keep from falling; holding on to it, he swung around in a semi-circle and fell. Cursing, he picked himself up and brushed leaves and dirt off his pants. He stumbled forward, into

Continued to page 69

For many years we have arranged our extremely popular and enjoyable annual summer tour to visits to Athens and Mykonos with excursions to Delphi and Delos; and participants in the tour have the novel and interesting choice of spending the first week at the luxurious private villa on the island of Syros where our groups have been welcomed and dined and wined by its genial owner since 1974 – or of joining us on a walking tour of the monasteries of Mount Athos.

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COCK MATES

by A.A Freedlander • Photo by Naakkve

It seemed like a good idea back home, but later, descending into the small municipal airport, I had my doubts. I had decided to go back to my old college town as a way of forgetting my recent divorce. It was particularly nasty, and I wanted to get back to old friends, renew some old ties, and just touch base with a world that once made me happy. You see, to me college will always be my real home. I guess I really grew up there.

My college roommate met me at the airport. We greeted each other in the accepted manly fashion: too little hugging and too much back thumping. But later the thumping turned to humping.

The town, sitting in a vast sea of corn, is a pleasant place with big white frame houses and large green lawns. It's generally quiet between semesters, which is why I decided to come back now. I had some very personal contacts to make, and I didn't come to spend two weeks plowing through hordes of undergraduates.

I didn't even know for sure who would be there. Some of my friends had stayed to go to graduate school. One I knew for sure would be there was Tom, and let's face it, it was Tom I really came to see. Standing now in the small airport waiting for him to come and pick me up, I thought how funny it was: He was the man I had loved the most in my whole life and he didn't even know I was gay. You see, we both were supposedly straight. Well, at least we acted as if we were. We both got married, had kids, and now I was getting a divorce. But these things never seemed to matter, at least to me. It was Tom I always thought of, even when fucking my wife. But what about him. . .?

I was thinking about these things when I finally spotted him threading his way through the small crowd. His eyes lighted up when he saw me, and that made me feel good. Seeing him now was in many ways just like the first time. . .I was sitting in the Student Union with some friends when he walked by. His graceful, yet masculine, way of walking, his piercing blue eyes, his whole presence cut through the room like a knife. Stunned as I was, I couldn't help but notice the big bulge in his pants, and the nice way his small ass cheeks moved when he walked. Like I say, I was stunned. I was so taken with him that I just got up and followed him. I dogged his steps all the way home. Everywhere he went for weeks, I followed. We finally met at a party given by a mutual friend. Since he was surrounded by hordes of adoring females, and he wasn't beating them back with a stick,

I assumed the interest was mutual. Well, we became good friends anyway. We even double dated and ended up doing those things that college buddies do together. We even went to each other's wedding.

Standing in the airport, watching him walk toward me, I thought: He's the most beautiful man I have ever laid eyes on. His six-foot-two swimmer's body, his shiny black wavy hair, his devastating eyes, all capped off with a huge white smile—well, everything together made him a nearly perfect human being.

Fortunately, it was June and hot outside. I say fortunately because Tom was at his best in summer clothes—which is to say, practically no clothes at all. He was in his usual tank-top (what else would a swimming coach wear?), running shoes, and a pair of cut-offs that seemed like an afterthought. The slit up the thigh revealed a perfect tan line; his basket appeared to be straining the worn cloth beyond endurance. Actually, to me it seemed like the only real clothing he was wearing was his radiant smile.

We greeted each other in the accepted manly fashion: too little hugging and too much back thumping. If only, I thought, he knew what it did to me just to have my arms around him . . .oh well, once again, I had to tell myself that just being his friend was enough. If friendship was all we could have, then so be it. Certainly, I could look, and look I did. As we drove away from the airport in his little red sports car, I had a chance to study Tom's gorgeous profile. He could have had a career as a model. He had even been approached a couple of times with genuine offers, but his heart belonged to swimming. It was a blow to him when he learned he was not going to make the Olympic team, but fortunately he had adjusted well to his career as assistant coach in a Big Ten university. Still, I always thought his face was his fortune, and his body too, if he had wanted it that way.

As we approached the town, dominated by the pretentious pseudo-Norman tower of the Physics Building, Tom began to point out things from our past along the way. He noted the quarry where we went swimming together, and the frat house where we each got laid for the first time. Just thinking about those things started the inevitable chain reaction. I was getting a hard-on. Apparently it was giving Tom something of a buzz also, because he kept adjusting his position on the seat and pulling at his shorts. No, no. I know what you're thinking. It wasn't like that. We didn't swim naked and we didn't fuck the same girl at the same time. Somehow, I never managed to see him naked—a situation I hoped to remedy on this trip.

We rounded the corner of Green Street past our favorite all-night Stake N' Shake where we used to sit up talking philosophy till dawn. As we went around the corner, the street lights, which had just come on, illuminated the inside of the car. Was I hallucinating? I could swear I saw the tip of his cock sticking over the top of his cut-offs. But as soon as I looked again, the car was dark. I tried to see it again at each street light, but somehow the illumination was never the same. Hallucination or not, what I had seen was a beauty. Surreptitiously, I rubbed my own cock a few times, looked out the window, and tried to think about something else.

Because of this—hallucination?—when we finally arrived at his house, I felt a sense of anticipation. His apartment was in one of those huge old frame houses surrounding the campus. I had lived in one almost exactly like it during my last two years in college.

Although it was getting late, we ate the pizza Tom had left warming in the oven. We drank a couple of beers, and talked. Because I had been traveling all day, I was tired. Not so tired, however, that my worshipful admiration didn't continue. In the course of our conversation, Tom gradually slipped off most of the few clothes he had on. He stripped off his tank top, revealing his broad swimmer's chest with its garland of curly black hair—hair which trailed down suggestively to his washboard stomach and below.

"Still doing sit-ups, I see."

"When you're a coach, you can't get flabby," Tom replied.

"You mean like Henderson?" I said ruefully. Henderson was the swimming coach who taught the class Tom and I met in. He was a fat slob who insisted that the boys wear trunks in the pool. All the other teachers opted for nude swimming. I wondered if Tom's boys swam nude. The very thought kept my dick rock hard.

After retrieving two more beers from the kitchen, Tom bent over and unlaced his shoes. He never wore socks so his feet were bare. Even his feet were beautiful. They gave the sense of strength even though they were highly arched. And his long straight toes were as well kept as his hands. I fantasized about him coming home after a hard day's work and unlacing his shoes, massaging his bare feet, and . . .

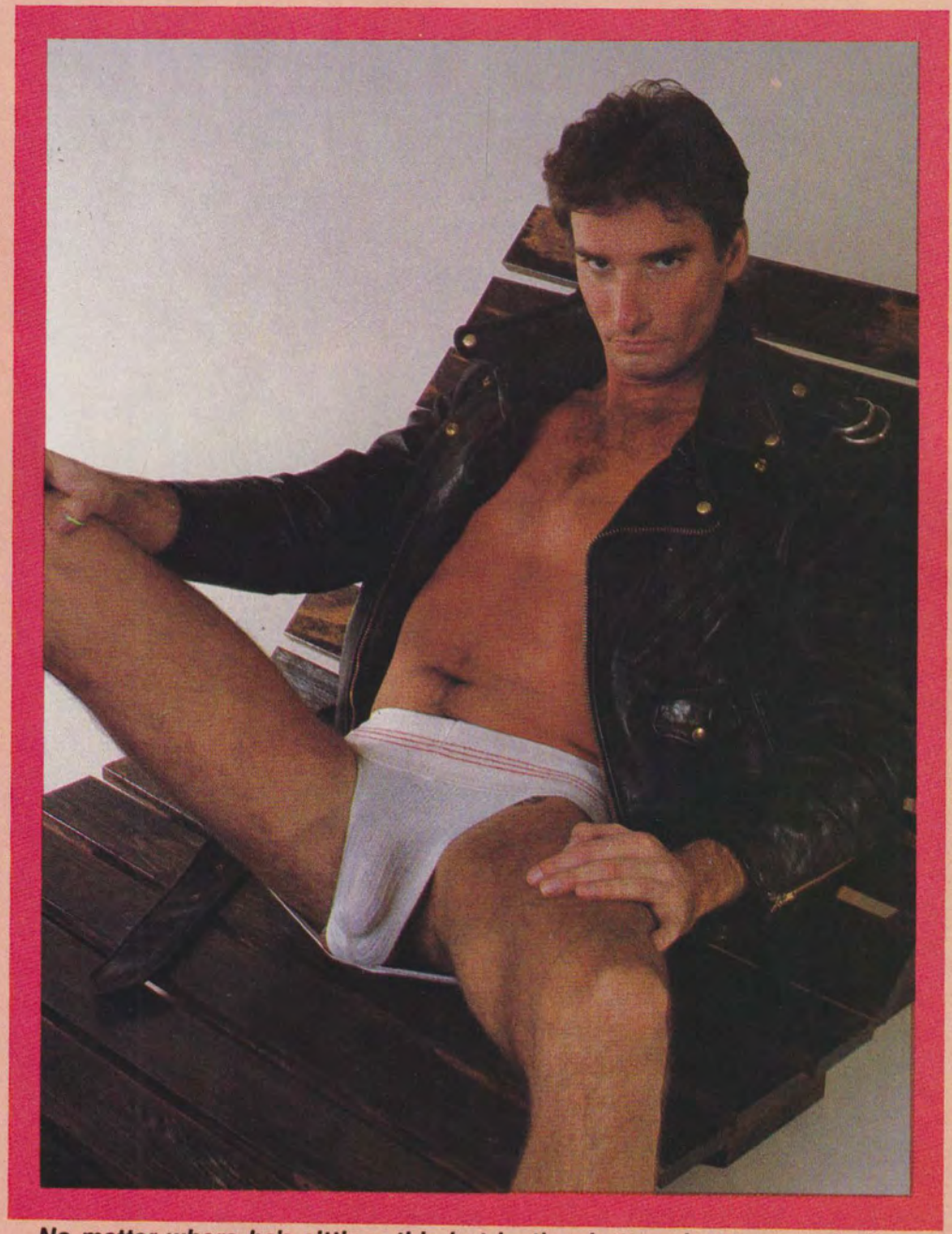
It was around 1:30, so Tom suggested we turn in. Funny, although I have always prided myself on being aware of my surroundings, it wasn't until then that I noticed that the apartment had only one room; that is, not counting the tiny kitchen and the bathroom. But where was the bed? Obviously, it must be a fold-out couch. As if to answer my question, Tom said, "Why don't you use the bathroom first and I'll get the bed ready?" *The* bed? My heart started to pound. Could he mean there was only one bed, and we'd . . .

In the bathroom, contemplating the possibilities, I laid out my toilet things on the shelf over the sink. Just enough room for a stand-up shower stall, a sink, and a toilet. Sitting on the toilet, I made another brilliant discovery: This being an old house, there were old-fashioned doors with old-fashioned key holes—big key holes. Ever the detective, I peered through. The sight I saw was something I had wished for my whole life. There was Tom completely naked, bending over the edge of the bed, tucking in a corner of the sheet. His ass was everything I had hoped for. The cheeks

Continued to page 75

The old-fashioned house had old-fashioned key holes—big ones. I peered through one of them at Tom, who was completely naked, bending over the edge of the bed, tucking in a corner of the sheet. His ass was everything I had hoped for.

ROLL OVER



No matter where he's sitting, this hot leather bottom just automatically starts to raise his legs in the air. He'd probably do it even if you weren't looking at him—but you are.

Section photographed by Naakkve

ROLL OVER

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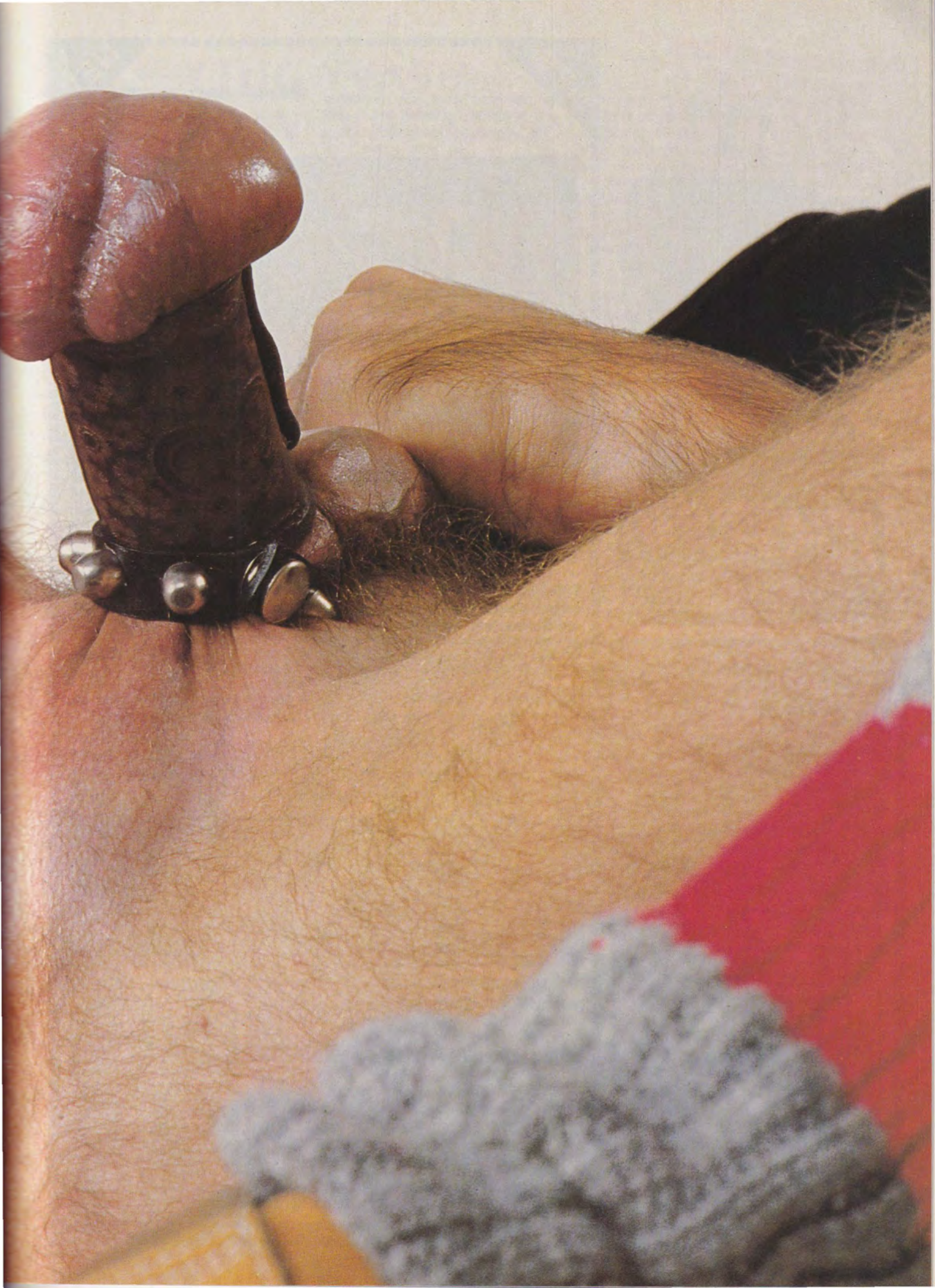

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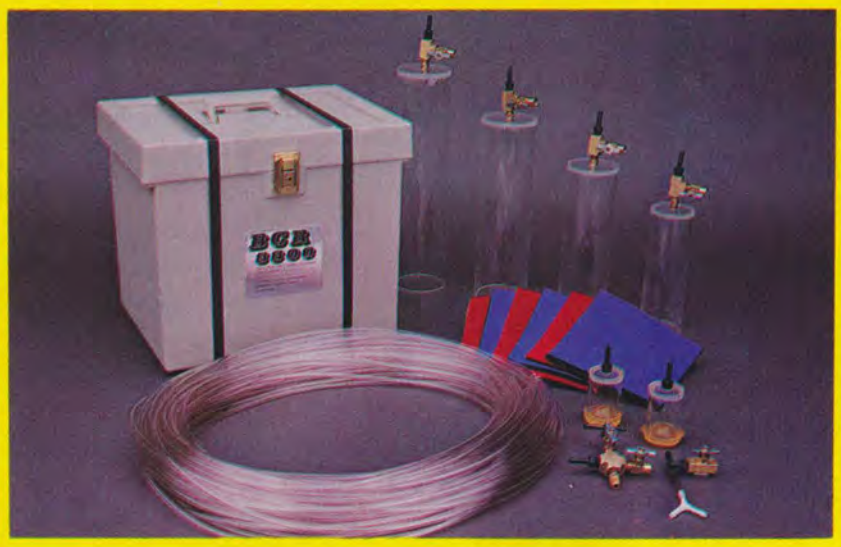

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NEW NEW

THE DADDYNAPPERS

Continued from page 57

deeper woods. He thrashed about, pushing brittle branches out of his face. Then he paused and checked out the surroundings. "Damn," he whispered. "I'm fuckin' lost."

"Hi, stud."

"What the fuck?" Ramon spun around in the direction from which the voice had come. Three men stood before him, arms crossed on their chests. Big motherfuckers, he noted. Two white guys, one black, all of them in t-shirts and jeans. And all of them in ski masks. In fuckin' June?

"Oh, I get it," he laughed giddily. "Man, you muthafuckers picked the wrong dude. I don't have no money on me. Honest!" He pulled his pockets out; keys, a handkerchief, and two subway tokens spilled onto the ground. "See? I'm tellin' you, my old lady has all the bread." Oh shit, he thought, as soon as the words escaped his lips. Now they'll go after her.

"I think you're bullshittin' us, man," one of the guys said. "I bet you got it hidden on you. Yeah, I bet you figured, 'hey, if I'm gonna go walkin' in the park, I better hide my money.' I'm right, ain't I, stud?"

"Stud?" Ramon thought. What's this "stud" bullshit? "No, man," he nervously replied. "I ain't hidin' nothin'. Honest!"

The masked man laughed. "Prove it, stud. Prove you ain't holdin' out on us. Strip."

"Whaaat?" Ramon wailed. "You motherfuckers are crazy!" He clenched his fists, looked all around him, and tried to run off. The three men were upon him immediately. One pinned Ramon's arms behind his back while the other two held his legs.

"Y'know," the black guy breathed into his ear, "we could fuck you up bad if we wanted to. That depends on you, hombre."

"Okay, okay, man, I'll do as you say."

The men released Ramon. As soon as they did, he again tried to escape. This time they were rougher when they caught him. "You wanna go home with your nuts in your back pocket, man?" one guy hissed. The three circled Ramon; defeated, he hung his head on his chest. His arms hurt like hell from being twisted behind his back. Best to get this over with, he thought, gritting his teeth.

"Take the shirt off, man."

Ramon unbuttoned his Western-style cotton shirt and slipped it off. The black guy took it from him. But instead of unsnapping the pocket flaps and looking for hidden cash, he tossed it on the ground.

"Nice," another man remarked. "Real nice tits, huh, guys? Dude must work out. Nice 'n hairy. And check those nips—the kind you could chew on for *days!*"

Ramon shook his groggy head in disbelief. What the holy fuck was going on?

"That's real nice," the black one spoke up, "but we wanna see more. The pants, baby. Get 'em off."

"Hey, wait a fuckin' minute," Ramon objected. The black guy made a fist and menacingly punched the open palm of his other hand. Ramon gave up. He undid the big, metal buckle bearing his name in raised block letters. Then he unbuttoned his designer jeans and lowered his zipper. He hesitated a moment.

"Off!" the black man barked. "Quit stallin'!"

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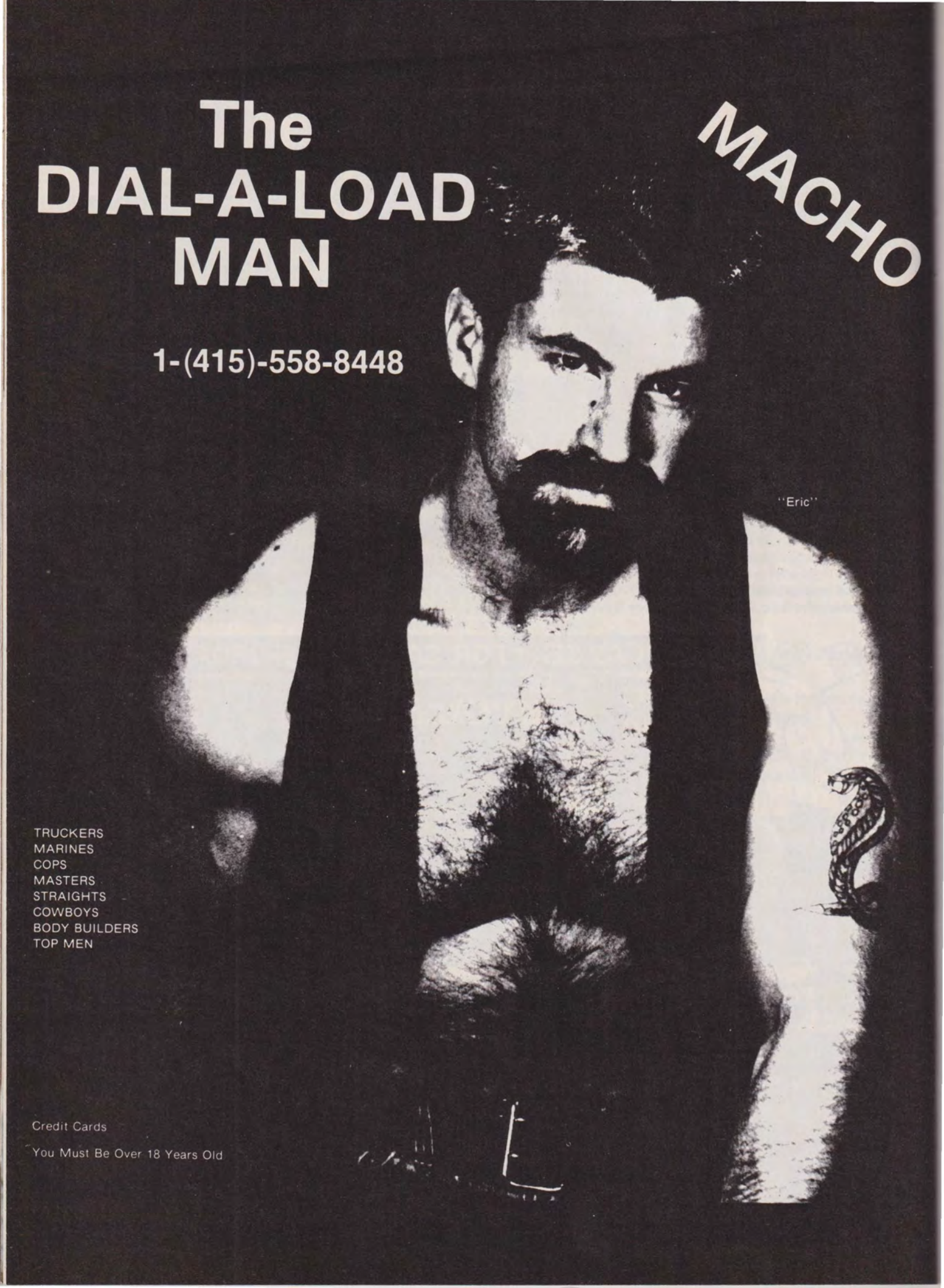

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Ramon unzipped, and slid his pants down. "See?" he pleaded, almost crying. "I ain't hiding anything. I swear. Let me go now, okay?"

"You're not finished yet," one of the men said matter-of-factly. "The shorts, fella. Take 'em down."

"Awww, shit!" Ramon blurted. He hooked his thumbs inside his jockeys and lowered them to the tops of his thighs. The three masked men whistled appreciatively. The man who had told him to pull down his shorts moved close to Ramon. He took Ramon's dick in his hand and began to stroke and pull it. Ramon's hand reflexively rose, his fist clenched tight. Fuck it, he thought, let 'em beat the shit outta me. They ain't gonna mess with my manhood.

"Stupid, stupid move," the black guy muttered as he caught Ramon's fist. He shoved him hard, sending him sprawling onto the ground. Then all three of them were upon him. While one guy pulled his dick, another jammed two thick fingers up his asshole. When he cried out, a hand clamped over his mouth. The fingers withdrew from his ass, only to return seconds later, coated with thick, cold goo. The men turned Ramon on his side, and in that position he received approximately nine inches of cock in his virgin hole. One of the other men jacked his dick, which, to Ramon's horror, got stone-hard. The third man squatted by Ramon's face, took out his dick and aimed it at Ramon's mouth. Ramon clamped his jaws so tight that the bones of his face hurt.

"Open wide," the man coaxed. "C'mon, stud, open wide and get a taste of dick. It's either that, or something worse. Much worse." Ramon relaxed his jaws. "That's it," the man laughed. "Now open up, stud." Ramon opened his mouth half-way. "Wider!" the man commanded. Ramon complied, and the man slid his swollen rod in between his lips.

"Now," the man instructed him, "you're gonna suck me real nice. If I feel any teeth, your nuts are mine. I'm gonna cut 'em off, and wear 'em around my neck on a chain." Ramon closed his eyes and sucked. He gagged several times. The man pulled his dick out and smacked Ramon in the face with it. When he returned it to Ramon's mouth, Ramon managed to control his gag reflex. As the men worked him over, he drifted back in time, to his boyhood and his parents' apartment on 110th Street. He was 12, his cousin Hector was 15. After they jerked off together, Hector suggested they give each other blow-jobs. "You go first," Ramon said to his cousin. Even at 12 Ramon had a big dick, and he had no trouble getting it hard and shooting cream. At first it felt tickly-strange to have a mouth on his meat, the tongue curling around his pulsing shaft. But he got used to it pretty quick. In less than five minutes he was grunting, moaning, and throwing his small hips into Hector's face. Hector kept sucking even as Ramon filled his mouth with his thin but plentiful boy-seed. . . .

The cock in Ramon's ass swelled, stretching his insides. "Whoaaa," the man fucking him sighed as he pumped out his cum. The dick in his mouth gushed seconds later, sending streams of fishy-tasting flow down his throat. Then the hand beating him off was bathed in Ramon's own copious juices. When it was over, Ramon lay face-down on the earth. The hairy cleft of his ass glistened with cum. The man who had been fucking him reached into his pants pocket, took out a round white decal, peeled off its backing, and slapped it on Ramon's left asscheek.

* * * *

By the end of June, eleven men had been sexually assaulted in Central Park. No one had been apprehended for the crimes. The first two victims were in their early twenties; the others ranged in age from 19 to 53. They were of varied occupational status: two transit workers, one short-order cook, two vice-presidents of major corporations, one off-duty cop, and five computer programmers. Only four of the men actually reported the assaults to the police; the other seven came forward after the police issued a public announcement promising them anonymity. The victims all claimed to be heterosexual—nine of the eleven were married men with children—and they insisted they'd done nothing to provoke the attacks. There was a remarkable sameness to their stories: they'd been walking in wooded areas of Central Park, either alone or accompanied by their wives and kids. They'd gone into the bushes to piss, or to take a shortcut to another part of the park, or to take a cutting from a plant to bring home. And in these isolated places they'd been set upon by burly, muscular men wearing masks. Sometimes there were two of them, other times as many as four or five. After the masked sex-bandits had plundered their victims, they slapped the round, white "Daddynapped" decals on the violated asses. This last detail inspired the city's rowdiest tabloid to christen the rapists "The Daddynappers." Loud, alarming headlines about the assaults nudged news of foreign policy crises, natural disasters, and election campaigns off the paper's front page. " 'Daddynappers' Hit Exec." "Homo Rapists Strike Again." "Mayor Sez: 'Nobody's Safe Except Elderly.' " " 'Daddynappers' Make Apple Terror City." Television newswriters despaired, unable to devise some circumspect way to report these unspeakable crimes to their viewers. The unprecedented attacks confounded detectives and news commentators alike; the Daddynappers issued no statements and made no demands. they struck without warning, and seemingly without reason. No man, then,

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had any reason to assume he was safe.

An unanticipated side-effect of the Daddynappers' exploits was a rift in New York's feminist community. Some women unequivocally denounced the attacks. "We lose credibility if we fail to condemn *all* instances of sexual violence," intoned a noted feminist author and activist at a press conference. Other women said the man-rapes simply confirmed their opinion of the male species. "Homo, hetero, it don't matter-o," they chanted as they marched through Times Square. "ALL MEN ARE PREDATORS!!" Yet another feminist faction, composed of anarchist lesbians from the Lower East Side, applauded the Daddynappers. Wearing ski masks to show their solidarity with them, they held spirited rallies in Union Square Park. These women had buttons made up that said: "Now You Know What It's Like" and " 'Nap One For Me, Fellas."

* * * *

Dan Bogan sat back in his chair and scanned the last page of his column. He was proud of it. It was perhaps his best piece of writing in years: forceful, manly, bristling with righteous anger. He re-read the final paragraph, savoring each well-chosen word. "And these outrages," he read aloud, "these monstrous and depraved crimes, are the inevitable result of our society's coddling of perverts. Those of us who have consistently resisted the efforts of homosexuals to impose their depravity on the rest of us in the name of 'gay rights' have been vindicated. We now call upon the government to take appropriate steps. If the National Guard must cordon off this city's so-called 'gay community' to protect red-blooded, normal American males, then so be it." He set the column aside, chuckling. This'll really get the faggot leaders where they live, he thought. Make their pink blood boil. Bogan knew his editor would object to the "tone" of the column, but he wouldn't mess with it. As the most widely-read conservative columnist in the country, Dan Bogan could elicit thousands of angry letters from his followers if any editor dared tamper with his work. He'd stop by the office tomorrow morning to drop off his column; that'd give him time to make any revisions. But now he had something else to do. He got up from his desk, went to his closet, and grabbed a summer sports-coat. He slipped it on, and then regarded himself in the mirror. At 45, he still had the physique of the college football player he'd once been. Thicker around the middle, he observed with a scowl, but the rest of the body's still good. Wide shoulders, big arms, long

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and powerful legs. He felt fairly certain his strength and agility would provide all the protection he needed, but to be absolutely sure of his safety he fetched his pistol from his desk drawer and slipped it into the inside pocket of his sportscoat.

At three o'clock that afternoon, Dan Bogan pushed a baby carriage through Central Park. Inside the carriage was a doll dressed in pink pajamas and wrapped in a white blanket. Bogan knew there were plainclothes cops in the park (what he didn't know was that some of them also pushed carriages occupied by inanimate baby-imposters) and he feared that their presence, which was no secret to the Daddynappers, might scare off the perverts. Nah, he decided. There could never be enough cops to cover the entire park. So on he trudged, pushing his carriage. When he arrived at secluded, thickly-forested areas, he pulled out his fat, pink dick and faced the bushes, pretending to piss. Nothing happened. Some wiseass kid passed by and yelled at him to "put that thing away, man. Daddynappers in the bushes!" After more than an hour of this, Bogan rested on a bench in a wooded section of the north end of the park. From his resting place he could hear the waters of the Loch trickling by. He lit a Camel and puffed heartily on it. He undid the top two buttons of his shirt and scratched his chest. Uncomfortable in his jacket—it had to be nearly ninety degrees out—he slipped it off and placed it in his lap. He felt the weight of his pistol on his crotch. His eyes felt heavy, so he closed them. The heat, the chittering of birds and the gentle splashing of the nearby stream lulled him asleep.

"Mister, mister!"

Dan snapped awake when he heard the voice and felt the hand tug at his arm. He went for the pistol in his coat pocket, but stopped when his sleep-fogged head cleared and he plainly saw the frantic youth standing before him. "Mister, mister, help me, please!"

"Whatsa matter, kid?"

"Those guys! Those faggots! They got my Dad! I swear! C'mon, quick!"

Dan grabbed his coat, leaped from the bench, and followed the kid into the woods. He stumbled several times over rocks and rotting logs, but kept going. Insects flew into his face. He caught one pants leg on a prickly vine; the cloth tore, but he ignored it and followed the kid. They clambered over fallen trees and hurdled down a steep embankment into a shallow ravine. There he saw three men, their faces hidden by ski-masks. They were piled on top of a naked man who was kicking and thrashing his arms. Dan gaped for an instant, and then fumbled his pistol out of his coat pocket. He clenched it with two shaking hands, assumed a firing stance, and

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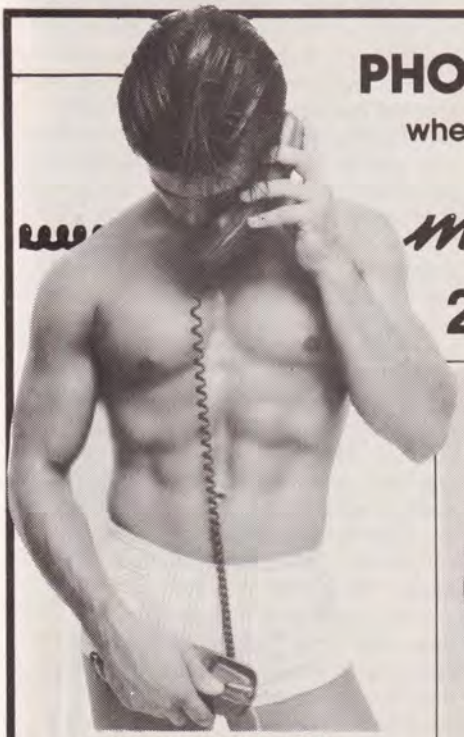

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barked, "Okay, you fuckers, freeze! Get the hell off that guy! Now!' The three men glanced up. "Oh, shit!" one exclaimed. They got off the naked man and stood before Dan, their hands raised in surrender.

"Gotcha, you creeps!" he crowed. The naked man sat up and dazedly brushed dirt and leaves off his body. "You okay?" Dan asked him. He silently nodded.

"All right, faggots," Dan snarled. "You just stay there like that, and. . ."

Dan went down hard, like he did when he got tackled during collegiate football games. The back of his neck throbbed with fierce pain. The kid who'd karate-chopped Dan was surprised how quickly the big guy had crumpled. No time to congratulate himself, though; there was work to do. The kid got a roll of white medical tape out of his pants pocket and moved quickly to bind the hands of the stunned man lying on the ground. Then he, the three masked men, and the naked "victim" hoisted Dan to his feet. They propped him against a tree and inspected him.

"Not bad for an oinker," one commented.

"Beefy mother, ain't he?" another offered.

Dan came to his senses when he felt his shirt being ripped off his back. He tried to struggle, but he couldn't raise his arms. And when he tried to turn his head, the pain at the base of his neck made him cry out.

"Shut up!" one of the masked men hissed.

"HAAAAALLLPP!!" Dan yelled. The youth with the killer hands wadded a checkered handkerchief in Dan's mouth. The five men stood before him in a semi-circle. Five, he thought. Takes five of 'em to get the best of Dan Bogan. "Think he's got a big one?" the youth wondered. "Probably not," answered the naked man. "These macho assholes are always overcompensating, if you know what I mean." "Don't jump to conclusions," a masked man put in. He pinched one of Dan's nipples, and then rested his hand on Dan's belt buckle.

"You hung, man?" he taunted Dan. "Let's see." He unbuckled the belt and yanked it through the loops. He unsnapped Dan's chinos and pulled the pants down to knee-level. All five men laughed in disbelief.

"Oh man, boxer shorts!" the youth cried. "Like my fuckin' grandfather wears, for Chrissakes!" The youth shook his head. "I'm really disappointed, Dan. A big studsy guy like you, in old man skivvies."

Dan gave a start when he heard his name. This was planned, his brain screamed. They planned this, damn it!

"Now," the youth announced, "the unveiling!" He grabbed Dan's shorts by the elastic waistband and slowly rolled them down.

"Not bad!" said a masked Daddynapper. "Not bad at all. It's wasted on him, though." He cupped Dan's hot, moist scrotum in his palm. "Guy's got big balls, too."

"So much for your theory," another masked man remarked to the naked decoy, who had disparaged Dan's equipment. He reached forward and fondled Dan's dick. It swelled up in his hand.

"Well, I'll be fucked!" he whooped. "He's gettin' a hard-on!"

"Enjoying all this, man?" another Daddynapper jeered.

Dan's head slumped forward on his naked chest. He muttered something into the handkerchief crammed into his mouth.

"Can't hear you man," said the guy who was jacking Dan's dick. He pulled the handkerchief out. 'What's that you say?" he gruffly asked, peering into Dan's tear-stained face.

"I--I-I'm more of a man than you faggots'll ever be!" he spat.

"That so!"

They pushed Dan to his knees. He rocked back and forth like a distraught penitent, his bound wrists pressed against the small of his back. Then he toppled backwards onto the ground. Two Daddynappers grabbed his ankles and hoisted up his legs while another squatted before him, rubbing a big, bulbous dickhead against his anus. "I'm a-knock-knock-knockin' at your door," the fucker sang as he pushed his oversized tool into Dan's ass. It was a difficult entry. Dan clenched his ass muscles tight and wriggled furiously. The Daddynapper would not be deterred. He pushed in resolutely until his pubic bush was flush against Dan's asshole. Then he withdrew part of the way and commenced to fuck. His first strokes were slow and deliberate, but he soon quickened his pace.

"Put *this* in your next column, shithead," he hissed at Dan.

While the fucking continued, the four other men took turns jerking off in Dan's face. When the loads burst forth, they splattered on Dan's cheeks, forehead, eyelids and lips. He began to sob, his tears flowing into and mixing with the copious sperm. When the

last man had shot his wad, the man fucking Dan lunged fast and hard, bringing himself to a quick, violent orgasm. Right before he withdrew and the Daddynappers turned Dan over on his belly to slap the white decal on his ass, the youth who'd lured Dan into the woods fetched a Nikon from a knapsack he'd stashed by a tree. He snapped quickly and efficiently, employing a variety of lens settings and shooting from different angles. If he didn't lose too much time in the dark room, he'd have the pictures to Dan's editor before the deadline for the morning edition. ■

COCK MATES

Continued from page 60

were smooth and tight, and the deep crack between them betrayed not a trace of hair. My cock sprang to attention as if ready for Tom's ass. Reaching down to stroke it, my eye strained at the key hole. Anticipating, I realized it would only be a matter of seconds before he turned around and I could see his. . .Oh my God, he's headed toward the bathroom.

"Buddy, can I come in?" he called.

"Uh, uh, just a minute," I replied in a panic. All I could think of was, I can't let him see my hard-on. I dashed for the shower, pulled the curtain, and turned on the water. Naturally, I almost scalded myself. "Yah, ah, sure, come on in." I tried to sound casual.

After a few seconds I heard the medicine cabinet open. I also saw his silhouette on the plastic curtain. Instead of going down, my cock kept getting harder and harder. Oh well, I thought, you may as well enjoy it. I grabbed a bar of soap and lathered my dick. If only, I thought, there was a hole in this damn shower curtain. I studied the reflected outline of his body. How could a person have such wide shoulders and narrow hips? As I tried to imagine his cock for the millionth time, my boner turned to steel and my nuts got ready to shoot. Then I thought I heard him say something. I listened to hear him repeat what he had said, but before I knew it, he stuck his head into the shower stall.

"Are you deaf?" he demanded.

"Uh, I ah, ah didn't hear you," was my flustered reply.

Looking down at my cock he said, "It looks like it." With relief I realized he was smiling.

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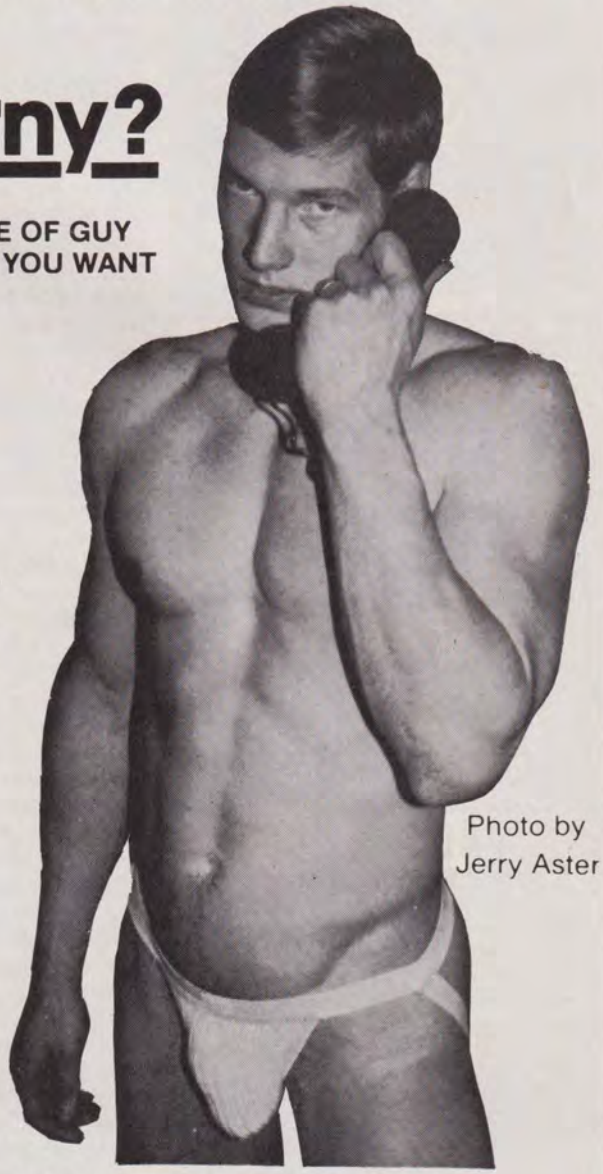

Photo by Jerry Aster

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As written up in *The Village Voice* and *Time*

"I just wanted some soap."

I thought, What the hell, and pulled the curtain aside. And I saw that his own cock was stiff! What about that? Nine inches of uncut beauty. "Looks more like you need Vaseline to me," I said, and reached for his huge dick.

"Well, let's save that for later. Right now I think I'll dry you off, before you pop." He was right, I thought my nuts were going to explode. As I got out of the stall he turned me around. "Let's dry your back first." I really didn't want to let go of his throbbing dick, but I did what he wanted. As he dried my shoulders, I could feel his cock brushing gently against my ass. Eventually, I felt it probing my crack. I was just getting into it when he abruptly turned me around. "Can't dry just one side, can we?" With that he started on my chest. "You know, I always thought you were a little hunk and now seeing these hot pecs of yours, I realize it's true." I couldn't believe my ears. Could it be that he too. . .With that he started to work down my stomach until he reached my cock.

"Don't dry it off too well, or this may turn out to be a short session," I warned.

"Don't worry, little Buddy, I'll save the best till last. Right now, I think we should move to more comfortable quarters."

With that he tied the towel around my cock and led me into the bedroom. As we lay on the cool sheets, he leaned over and kissed me gently. "You know, I've been wanting to do that ever since I first met you years ago."

"Me too," was all I could manage as he started to work over my body. First he sucked each nipple, biting them just a little. From there he worked down my stomach, kissing and sucking, to my blond pubic hair. He took the shaft of my cock in his mouth and surrounded it with his beautiful full lips. I reached down and gently forced him to take the whole thing. The pleasure was almost unbearable; I was afraid I'd shoot, so I pulled his head gently up to mine. "Let's not rush things," I said. "Besides, I want a turn."

He rolled over on his back. I looked at his big beautiful cock. Mine is short and thick. His is long and thick. I'm cut, he's not. I took his dick in my hand. Slowly, I pulled the skin back and revealed his huge purple cockhead. I savored the sensation as I worked the foreskin up and down, enjoying the feel of it riding back and forth over the glans. I kissed the head, then slowly slipped my mouth over the whole thing. The flared tip was in my mouth! It was throbbing as I slowly but insistently worked it. Getting up a lot of spit, I made his dick as slippery as possible. I loved the musky mansmell of him. I buried my face as deep in his crotch as possible. As I sucked him, I pulled gently on his hairless nut sack; I couldn't believe what a handful he had. How could he even walk with these mammoth things between his legs? Then I stuck my tongue under his foreskin and ran it around the head, savoring the pungent sweetness of it.

"I've got to fuck you," he said abruptly, pulling my mouth off his dick.

As I lay back ready to put my feet in the air, he produced a jar of Vaseline. "See Buddy, you were right. I do need a jar of Vaseline." He put a big gob of it on my hole. Slowly, firmly, he worked his index finger in.

"That hurts so nice."

"Wait, there's more." He pushed my legs over my head.

"Don't fall in," I said.

"Hey, come on, don't make me laugh at a time like this. Just shut up and get fucked."

"Fire away, sir." And fire away he did. As he approached my hole, I saw that his cock was so hard the foreskin was all the way back. As the big purplish head forced its way in, I felt like I was being split in half. However, the pain passed quickly and I realized I was in the hands of an expert. Before I knew it, the whole shaft was in. He leaned forward and lay on top of me. Slowly, stroking it in and out, we worked up a nice slippery sweat. I could feel his chest hair grind against my smooth skin. His pubic hair caressed my naked ass, and his big nut sack pounded the crack of my ass as his thrusts got more urgent.

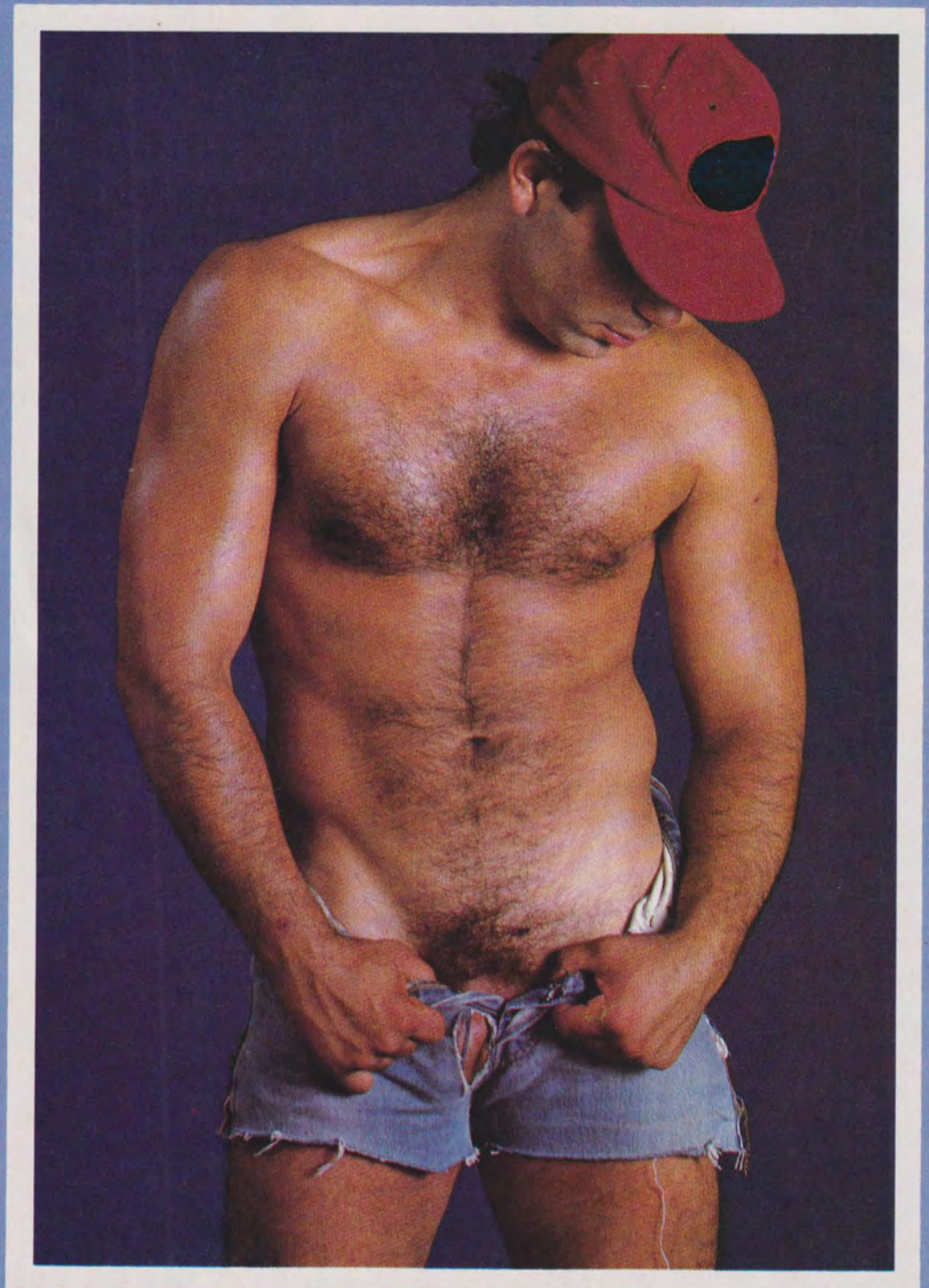
"I'm gonna come, Buddy," was all he said before his body tensed like bands of steel and his dick thrust further in—so far in I couldn't believe it. The hot jism spurted, wave after wave, up my asshole.

As he slowly pulled his hard dick out, I was afraid that would be the end of it, but he made it clear that he was a very considerate lover. As he rolled over, he looked up and said, "It's your turn, hunky guy."

"I need a little help," I said, as I knelt over his face. He gave me the help I needed—actually it was about the only time that day that my dick wasn't hard—expertly sucking my fat

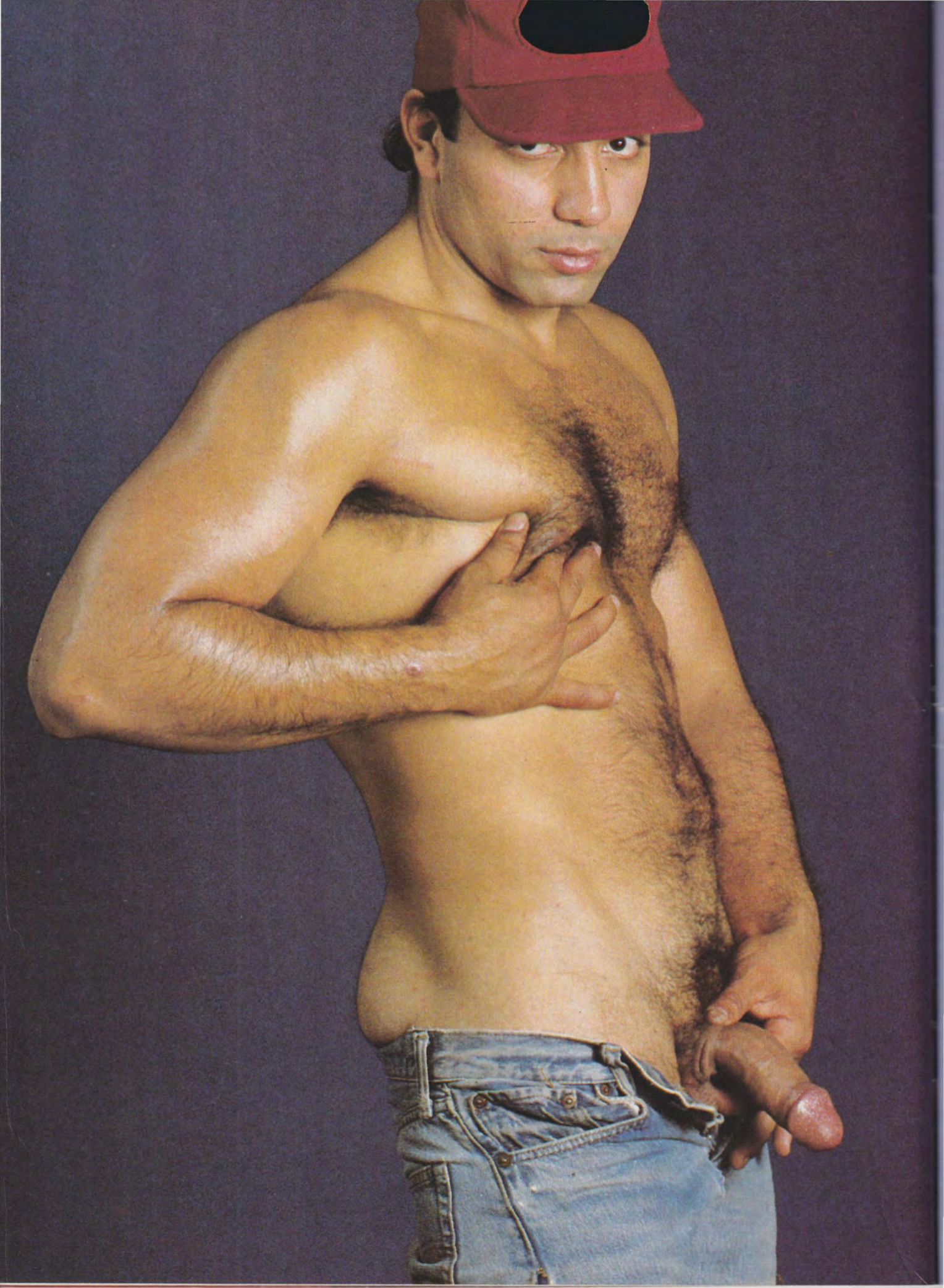
Continued to page 91

FIRST GEAR

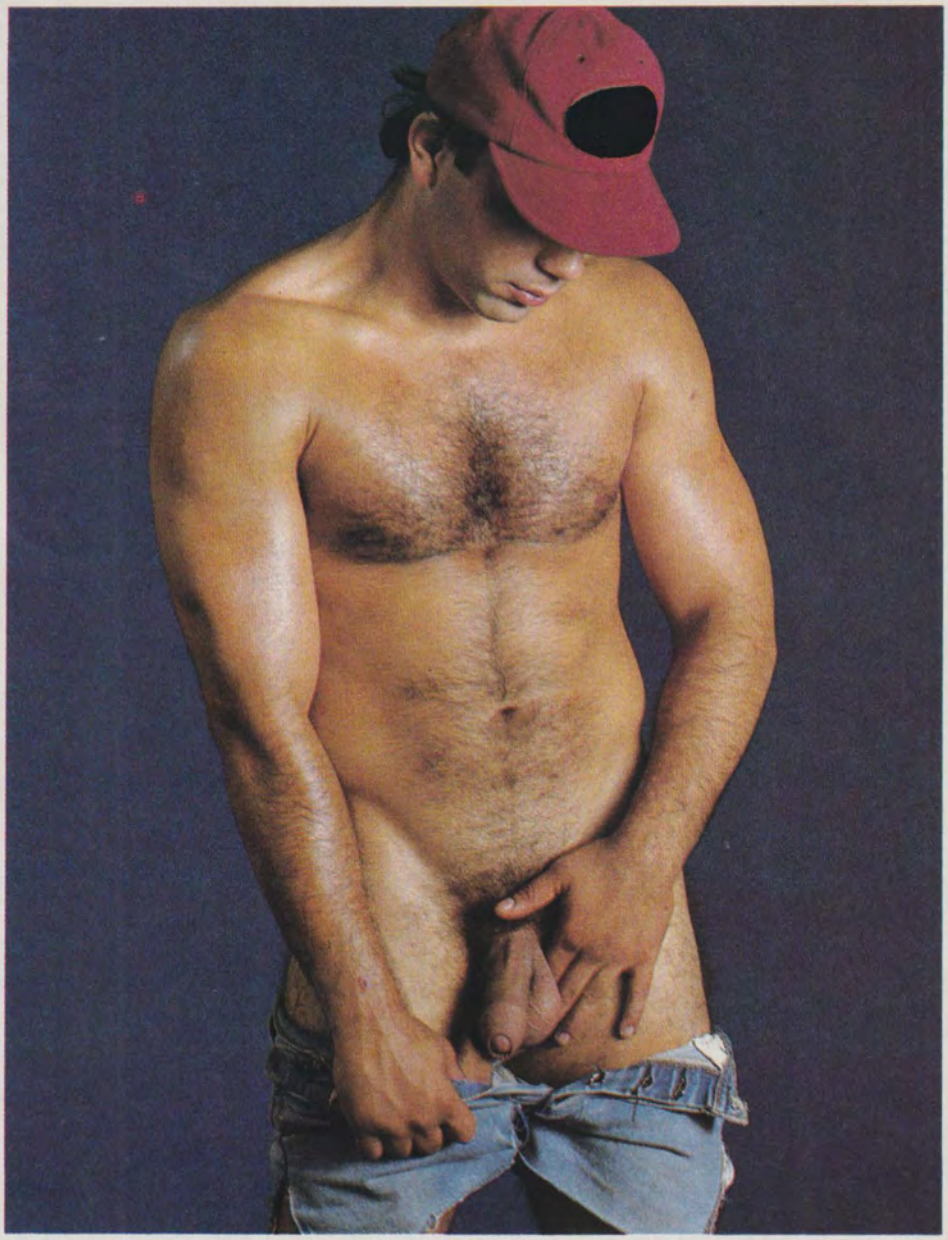


Some guys are built for comfort, others for speed. This beefy hunk is fast and comfortable, and he's got everything a hot man needs.

Section photographed by Malexpress Studio



FIRST GEAR

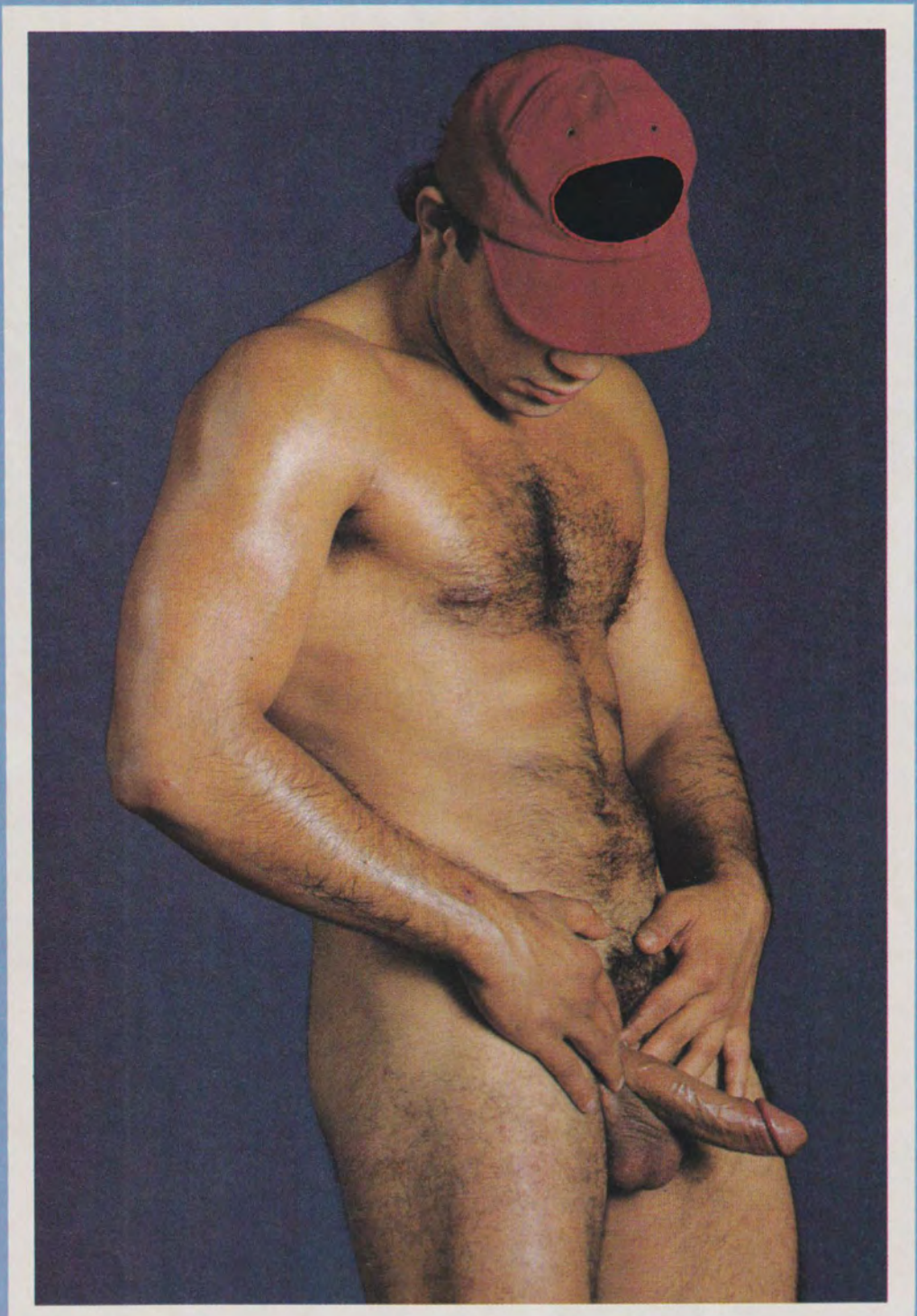


He may be fast, but he's gonna take his time getting in gear. First he pops open those cut-offs and shows you what he's packing. Then he demonstrates how that thick skin works. Back and forth, back and forth. You don't know how much of this you can take.

FIRST GEAR

When he was standing around in his cut-offs, you couldn't be sure if he planned to stick around. But now that he's shucked his shorts and is laid-back, you can do your thing. But it better be good. He's the type that gets bored easily.

FIRST GEAR



We lied when we said he was built for comfort and speed. When that fat missile hits the back of your throat, you'll feel some discomfort. And he'll take nearly forever to unload. But you won't mind a bit, will you?

MAN SEARCH

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11/1/84	2/1/85
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1/1/85	4/1/85
2/1/85	5/1/85

All ads are listed by state, except for commercial ads, which will appear under that heading. Since HONCHO will not be involved in forwarding responses to ads, please include the complete address, including zip code, where you may receive correspondence resulting from your ad. Ads will not be printed without an address or post office box number. A telephone number may be included, but HONCHO will take no responsibility for verifying such numbers.

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Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

ARIZONA

GWM, 30'S, TALL, SLIM
wants to hear from other leather lovers. No S&M or pain, just hot times in black leather. George, Box 5702, Phoenix, AZ 85010, Photo swap.

G INDIAN 5'7" 136 LB.
Have tight ass. If you love to fuck and are 6 inches to? in size, let's get together, will travel, write with photo to Wayne Walker, P.O. Box 186, Peach Springs, AZ 86434. Would like Kingman area, if you're out there.

CALIFORNIA

BODYBUILDER
Businessman wants to sponsor Bodybuilder. Photo reply to Boris H., 1214 Polk-A, SF, CA 94109.

BI S.F. J/O STUD
Hot handsome hung young dude, 29, 6', 165, short dark blonde hair, moustache, long thick handtool, heavy slung sack. Photo a must: 2269 Market, #333, San Francisco, CA 94114.

ROPES
Hot, horny, well put-togther Libran, 34, 5'8", 135 lbs., 8" cut, has a lot of rope and a lot of time to explore bondage trips with equally intense, like-minded MEN. Tune in to some real trips with a goodlooking bottom/top. Photo brings a photo. Occupant, 795 Buena Vista West, #4, San Francisco, CA 94117.

SAN DIEGO
Lean W/M, 38, attractive professional, new to leathersex seeks wild CBT, TT, heavy j/o and fantasy exploration with hot lean leatherman who desires mutual trust, respect, sincerely and top/bottom parity. Occupant, P.O. Box 87104, San Diego, CA 92138.

CHUBBY
W/M, blnd/blue, 34, 5'7", 180 lbs. likes to get high, get up on my knees and get it up the ass; big dicks, dildoes, small hands, enemas. Open it up and use it. Answer with photo only. Write #165, P.O.B. 15068, S.F., CA 94115.

'84 OLYMPICS ACCOMODATIONS
Bodybuilder offers private room with own entrance, secluded Hollywood Hills home, to masculine hunk. For details, write with photo & phone: Boxholder, P.O. Box 8361, North Hollywood, CA 91608.

GOOD-LOOKING SOUTHERN CALIF. ATHLETE
GWM 21, 6'2", 170 lbs. Smooth, well defined body. Moving to Huntington Beach on 2/21/84. Need someone(s) to show me around. All letters answered. All situations, relationships, propositions and opportunities considered. No fats or fems. S.Z. Lane, 2500 W. 6th, #507, Lawrence, KS 66044. All mail forwarded.

SKI THE ROCKIES
Handsome, muscular skier, thirties, seeks exceptionally handsome, muscular stud for rockies ski trips. Send photo, letter, sex prefences to Box 108, 2215-R Market Street, San Francisco, CA 94114.

HOT, SUBMISSIVE, MARRIED
WM, 34, 5'9", 153, good looking will exquisitely pleasure heavy hung, well built "Bossman." Exclusive discreet liaison to avoid disease. P.O.B. 1278, Solana Beach, CA 92075.

SLAVES!
Y/W/M seeks slaves to worship and serve Him as part of a newly formed "Church" that understands your place. Be prepared to perform as the slave you are and an offering may be taken of those who prove themselves. Send photo, and detailed application letter to: The First Lord of The High Court c/o Box 59146, Norwalk, CA 90650.

Latino 20 GDLKNG
Seeks guys 18-20 in L.A. L.B. area for good times and poss. relationship. All answered with photo. M.R., PO Box 1164, Southgate, CA 90280.

WANTED: HOT STUD INTO GENITAL PAIN
Excellent opportunity for attractive, well-built guy into having his balls worked over. Room, board, frequent vacation travel, other benefits. I'm 27, stable, friendly. Write 2265 Westwood Blvd., Suite B-168, L.A., CA 90064. Photo a must.

HOT MARRIED MAN
38, 6', 175 Masculine. Seeks other married men, 32-42, French passive, masculine, hung for discreet daytime action. Bronski, 8033 Sunset Blvd., #831, Los Angeles, CA 90046.

SLAVE WANTED
North Hollywood—Los Angeles. Master, 52, 5'10", 152 lbs., br/br. in fair shape for my age. Dig slaves 18-28 only. No beards or Mustaches. Smooth bodies. Have nice assortment of leather & S&M gear. Slave must dig bondage. Verbal abuse, mutual heavy tit work—my tits especially. Must dig raunchy games, but will respect slaves' limits, and any unacceptable sex play. No fats or phonies, however. I am Greek passive, also dig eating hot ass & piss both ways. If the ad fits call Tony at (213) 985-7001, or write with Phone & Pix to: Tony M., Box 1023, Hollywood, CA 90028.

VERY HOT DADDY
Dominant Daddy, 38, 5'9", 160, very muscular, goodlooking, seeks Daddy's boy under 28, smooth and slim, in need of discipline and adventure. Write with photo, phone no. to: Daddy, P.O. Box 2512, Beverly Hills, CA 90213.

SOUTH BAY SLAVE
WM, 25, 6'0", slim, novice, blonde, smooth, needs to be collared by special Master. Torture, tits, C&B, bondage and ? Reply Sir: P.O. Box 7000-81, Rolling Hills, CA 90274.

ORIENTALS & LATINS!
Y/W/M located in Orange County looking for hot & creative times with good looking Orientals and Latins (please no fems). Let's explore each other and maybe try some creative things. Write GST c/o Box 59146, Norwalk, CA 90650.

SLAVE WANTED BY HOT SADISTIC TOP
If you're ready for the real thing, send letter and picture to Box 5692, Glendale, CA 91201-5692. I'll try you out.

PROUD SEXY MAN
34, 5'8", 140 lbs., good body, needs to be totally dominated, bound and used by 1 or 2 very well-built masculine studs or by master who has slave and desires more. Photo, letter to Zack Carter, Box 1152, 6311 Yucca, Hollywood, CA 90028.

MALIBU MEN WANT YOU
Travelling to Malibu? Be our house guest on the beach. We are 26 and 27 blond blue eyes and goodlooking. We enjoy 3, 4 and 5 ways. Send candid photo for immediate reply. Also state age, dimensions (everywhere) and desired travel time to Malibu. No fats, fems, S/M or oldies. Write Gabriel and Justin, PO Box 2167, Malibu, CA 80265. No reply without full candid photo and personal description. Foreign languages spoken.

FROLICING FOR FITNESS
Cute, very attractive man into fitness seeks GQ candidates with defined physique for caressing and giving glorious head. 30, 5'10", 150 lbs., azure eyes, walnut hair, nice thighs! Send photos for reply to Robert Fox, 136 E. Victoria, #190 SB Calif. 93101

VERY HOT DADDY
Dominant Daddy, 38, 5'9", 160, very muscular, goodlooking, seeks Daddy's boy under 28, smooth and slim, in need of discipline and adventure. Write with photo, phone no. to: Daddy, P.O. Box 2512, Beverly Hills, CA 90213.

COLORADO

HEAVY S
32, 195, 6'2", hairy, travels frequently, sadistically sane, wants heavy M (trainees considered) into B&D, C&B/T, TT, Whipping, Enemas, Obedience, etc. Be ready for strict discipline if application accepted. Box 174, Henderson, CO 80640

HOT HUNK
Sexy, gdlkg, hung stud seeks same 18-35. Denver, N. Colo. area. P.O. Box 1371, Longmont, CO 80501

CONNECTICUT

VRY HANDS. SEEK SAME
Top Quality sks same. 6' 170# 42 hry ch, 30w, musc.-defined-trim. Want only vry hnds.-musc hunks-model quality, wh or blk. Photo a must. Occupant, Box 397 New Haven, CT 06502.

CONNECTI-CUTE
GWM, 5'11", 27, 180 lbs., seeks virile connoisseurs of vanilla sex. Likes! Classical music, poetry, modern art, teddy bears. Turnoffs! drugs, S&M, pain. (203) 562-7741. 848 State St. New Haven, CT 06511.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

GWM LOVES TO GET SUCKED IN D.C.
GWM, 27, 6 ft., 170, sandy hair, loves to get sucked and fucked. Love men in jockstraps. Steve, 202-543-2290.

WHITE SON SEEKS BLACK DADDY
Blond, 26, goodlooking. Needs to be disciplined, shaved and spanked. Visiting daddys welcomed. Box 50279, Washington, DC 20004-0279.

FLORIDA

MIAMI BOY
GWM 24, 5'10", 170 lb looking for young guys to age 25 for fun and possible relationship. Photo a plus. Write Gregg, PO Box 163706, Miami, FL 33116-3706.

EX-MARINE
60, slim, fit, potent, seeks friendships, not sex merely. *March, 225 Orlando, Belleair, FL 33516.*

FERNADINA BEACH
Straight acting, GWM, 24, 6' 1", 165 lbs. Dark skin, blk hair and very hairy. Wish to meet GWM's under 27. Muscles a plus. No fems. No phone JO's. Photo gets mine. CN Lee, Amelia South, 3350 South Fletcher Ave., Fernadina Beach, FL 32034. (904) 261-0328.

TAN LINES/JOCK STRAPS
GWM, 31, 6', 150 lbs, brown/blue, attractive bearded professional, hung, into work, fun, nautilus, seeks well-built thick-hung man for good times and possible relationship. P.O. Box 14342, Clearwater, FL 34279-4342.

GREEN EYED 5' 6" 135 LB 26 YRS
Spanish/Dutch gay seeking sincere, honest gay. Am returning to society soon and need that special someone to love/be loved am sincere-honest-loyal! Yensen, #05l772, PO Box 747, Starke, FL 32091.

MILKING MACHINE!
Attr, GWM, 28, 138 lbs, seeks masc gay or bi WM, under 30, for discreet oral workout. Reciprocation only if desired. Have beach apt for short visits. No fats, fems, weirds. Send info about self with photo (no response otherwise) to Ashley, Box 16487, Tampa, FL 33687.

GEORGIA

HOT ASS
Needs fucking & fisting. Great balls—top me—goodlooking. Rick, PO Box 720153, Atlanta, GA 30328.

NEED GOOD FUCK
Horny WM, 31, 155 lbs., 5'11", blue eyes, brown hair needs good fuck. Light S&M, dildoes, enemas, jocks, aroma, three-ways. Versatile french/greek, rimming, FF, tit & ass play. Seeks like-minded. Photo appreciated. H. Roberts, 98 Peachtree Place, Warner Robins, GA 31093.

JO-COCKRINGS
Atlanta GWM, 6', 165, 8" cut, 40's into long JO sessions and photography. Wants to meet others with like interest. Your hot photo gets mine. P.O. Box 941002, Atlanta, GA 30341.

HAWAII

Warm, discreet, oriental, 30, wishes 18-35 WM friendships anywhere. I am 5'7", 134 lbs. I work out at a health spa. Write: Box 4191, Honolulu, HI.

IDAHO

LONELY IDAHO FARMER
Love correspondence with guys any age into tight levis. Send photo to: Bill, Box 893, Idaho Falls, ID 83402.

ILLINOIS

WM LOVES TO SUCK COCK.
The bigger the better. 145 N. Weston, Elgin, IL 60120.

LEATHER JACK-OFF?
I sure do! Try it, you'll love it. Hot letter and photo gets mine. KLS, Suite 111-1700, 8280 Janes, Woodridge, IL 60517.

CHICAGO
S, 5'9", muscle leather master seeks masculine slaves who need B/D, S&M, W/S and tit work. Heavy leather scene. Slave must know how to serve. Limits respected. Big body-builder slaves preferred. Call Master (312) 642-2769.

BLACK MASTER WANTED
W/M, 33, seeks black master into heavy B/D, W/S, oral service and fucking a hot white ass. Also like to hear from others into black domination. Box 6348, Chicago, IL 60680.

MY HORSE
is hung like me! Dominant but affec tionate, French a/p, j/o, 6 ft./180 lbs., white, middle-aged, greying reddish-brown beard. Send photo with reply. Boxholder, P.O. Box 87444, Chicago, IL 60680.

CORRESPONDENT J/O
GWM, 28, looking for J/O buddies or correspondents and phone J/O. Send hot letter and photo; Sure! Occupant, 326 "B" East Park Ave., Libertyville, IL 60048.

HEAVY? INTO HEAVIES?
23, 6'4", 290, will try anything. Sucking, fucking, enemas, rimming, spanking, piss, dildos, armpits, jocks and socks. Richard Lewis, 408 Oak St., Apt. 1, Danville, IL 61832.

INDIANA

YOUNG MAN, 5'8" 150 LBS., 20'S
Looking for cosmopolitan gents 30-50, in Chicago area. P.O. Box 1352, Cedar Lake, IN 46303.

HOT BODY SUCK!
Good looking, hairy, thirsty, ass hungry wm, 37, 6'1", 155, worships very muscular, hung, sweaty greek active, french passive, body builders, jocks, studs. Hot photo and letter bring quick service. P.O. Box 1063, Muncie, IN 47305-1063.

IOWA

PENPALS
WM, 28, assistant coach needs hot correspondence from masters of all ages. My muscles are totally submissive. Please, sir, write me. Roger N., 409 Greer, Cherokee, IA 51012.

GWM, 21, 6', 195,
interested in having good times! Drake student, in Des Moines over summer, P.O. Box 2470, Des Moines, IA 50311.

INTO ANYTHING
32 6'1" 175 lbs. IA-Minn-Wisc-Illinois-Missouri—into anything but scat. 8" cut. Box 8334, Des Moines. IA 50306.

SUCK MY FUCKING COCK
Horny man seeks friends for fuck and suck sessions and good times together. Hot correspondence too. Brent, 1547 Wilson, Des Moines, IA 50316.

KANSAS

DUO LOOKING FOR MASTER
29, Topeka Area. Looking for master to train slaves for service. Prefer 20-40, hung. Willing to expand limits for right leatherman who knows limitations. We await replies at Box 4797, Topeka, KS 66604

JUST BEGINNING
I am 20, 5'7", 175 lbs. and Spanish. Would like someone between 18-30 to show me the ropes. Jason Collinge, 3408 N. Market #4, Wichita, KS 67204.

KENTUCKY

WESTERN KY AREA
White bisexual, masculine, aggressive, like outdoors, age 50, 5'8", 175 lbs., 6" uncut, brown hair, blue eyes, ruddy, Libra. Only want to hear from those who can send photos in first letter. Farmers, loggers, truckers, etc. Prefer hairy white rugged guys, smooth OK. Must be stocky. Photo exchange. Let's get acquainted. Owen Krabson, Box 240, Rt. 4, Hwy 231, Utica, KY 42365.

FRIENDSHIP NEEDED
Early 50's, new to scene, looking for totally masculine kid brother, son or junior partner type for correspondence, meetings and possible lasting relationship. Travel wide area at times. Interests: hunting, fishing, campiing, BB & sincere discreet friends. Race and age unimportant. Facts and photo are essential. Dave, P.O. Box 365, Murry, KY 42071.

DREAM LOVER CUM TO ME
If you're 20-40, bi or GWM, attractive and firm, uncut and hair a plus. I'm seeking a lasting relationship. I'm 26, 5'8, attractive, BR/BR, 150 lbs., 30" waist, 7" cock, smooth developed pecs. Write/photo: Occupant, P.O. Box 804, Louisville, KY 40201.

WANTS LOVER NEAR LOUISVILLE
GWM, very masculine, 25, 6', 190 lbs. Wants a guy for emotional support and love. Like sports and outdoor activity. Must be 25-45 and live within 175 miles from Louisville area. Occupant, P.O. Box 4633, Louisville, KY 40204.

LOUISIANA

MUSCLE MAN
Big muscular studs wanted by New Orleans area bodybuilder to be weight training buddies and partners in hot, heavy duty sex workouts. Mark, P.O. Box 38, Lockport, LA 70374.

HORNY CAJUN SEX MANIAC
Desires daytime action. New Orleans area. (504) 949-0908.

MAINE

AROOSTOOK COUNTY HUNK
Young, attractive Scorpio needs sex. Photo-letter-phone. Will travel. All answered. R.M., Box 214, Eagle Lake, ME 04739.

MARYLAND

COUNTRY BOY
GWM, 33, wishes friendhsip anywhere, 140 lbs., 5'11". Will answer all. Photo gets mine. P.O. Box 29, Reisterstown, MD 21136.

MASSACHUSETTS

HOT HUNG JOCK
GWM, 33, 5'11", 170 lbs., brown hair/eyes/trimmed moustache who is hot, hung, into jockstraps. Seeks hungry, horny jocks for sex. Send a detailed description of yourself and sexual needs. All limits respected. Include any fantasies you wish to come true. Discretion assured. Blonds preferred, but all hot welcome. PO Box 312, New Town Branch, Boston, MA 02258.

C&B TORTURE/
Live-in slave GWM 18-26. Call (617) 256-2968 (I495 at R3) L.J. Box 124, North Chelmsford, MA 01863. Leave phone numbers for call back.

MICHIGAN

GR/LANSING Bi/W/M 6', 175 lbs
good looking, muscular craves serving straight acting big dominate hung bodybuilder type. Must be discreet. Under 40. Detailed letter gets mine. P.O. Box 3131, Grand Rapids, MI 49501.

WM WANTS TO SERVICE STUDS
in West Mi. (616) 363-0723. Ask for Ed.

MINNESOTA

MINNESOTA GUYS
Are you hot? If you're a slender bi or GWM, 18-30, who enjoys getting a good head job and stimulating massage, I can do it! I can prolong your pleasure too. Send letter about yourself and phone # to: P.O. Box 6269, Mpls, MN 55406.

ROCHESTER MASTER
WM, 5'10", 170, 8". Master with well-equipped dungeon seeks obedient slaves. Willing to train submissive novices into S&M, B&D, WS and more. Write Robert, 1030 Adams Road, South Rochester, MN 48063.

TALENTED SLAVE
I enjoy being a guy's slave. I'm talented and versatile, can blow your mind. You should be 30-35, nice body. Box 30163, St. Paul, 55175.

NEBRASKA

DADDY LOOKING FOR SON
18-30 into J/O and loves to get his cock and balls sucked. Albert, P.O. Box 332 Lyman, NE 69352 or call (308) 787-1223 after 5:00 P.M.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

SIMPLE SEX
5' 11", 140, Blk/Br, 23, seeks considerate, straight-acting 18-25; washboard stomach, not hairy, cut, nice eyes. Nothing anal. Ken S., 125 Bow St., Portsmouth, NH 03801.

NEW JERSEY

GWM—VERY DISCREET
Gives good head to straights or appearing so. Love masculine men. Age no barrier—hot photos and letters welcome. John De Voe, 372 Anderson Ave., Apt. 3-C, Cliffside Park, NJ 07010.

PEN PALS AND FRIENDS WANTED
by young Black male, 6'1", 200 lbs. My interests are weight lifting, books and movies. Race unimportant but have a liking for Spanish people. Photo, returned if requested. No SM or Fems. Daimon, PO Box 3150, East Orange, NJ 07017.

EXTRAORDINARILY BEAUTIFUL
WM, 29, 5'7", 145, craves leather sex. Complete leather uniform, photo, and letter stating needs and requirements strongly preferred. All replies answered with photo and similar letter. No fucking or heavy S&M. Reply Box 125, Ridgefield, NJ 07657.

MARRIED MAN
WM, 5' 6", 24's, 120 lbs, 7". Seeks discreet daytime action. Indispensable photo, phone. Mike, P.O. Box 296, Elizabeth, NJ 07208.

NEVADA

WANTED: PEN-PALFRIEND
23 year old in prison would like to correspond with a mature man. Age doesn't matter, just sincerity. Richard Deeds, PO Box 607, Carson City, NV 89701.

NEW MEXICO

NEW MEXICO
Moving Southeast New Mexico September. Box 41, Weir, Texas 78674. Young. Athletic.

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Bi, W/M, 6'2", 200#, 35 straight appearing, oral slave to cock/balls. Lip serves any age, public/private. Into all but R/F, animals or pain. Love TV/TS, deep throat. Impotent OK. Cock/ball photo, list of demands please. Boxholder, P.O. Box 522, Texico, NM 88135.

NEW YORK

ATHLETIC BLOND, 22
Looking for pen pal and photo swap. Letter and nude photo gets mine. Eric, Box 33, Roslyn, NY 11576.

HOT & HANDSOME W/M, 25
Mustache, seeks w/m 18-30 w/smooth, hairless, protruding buns. You won't regret answering. Photo/phone for reply write: Occupant, P.O. Box 3472, New York, N.Y. 10185.

GWM, 22
Seeks well built white male in Brooklyn or Queens area for a possible relationship. Must be straight acting, discreet and between the ages of 23 to 30. No fats, S&M, and kinks. Write letter with photo and phone # to: PO Box 587, Midwood Station, Brooklyn, NY 11230.

WESTCHESTER GWM
Seeks masculine, straight-acting discreet friend, (Muscle A+), 18-45, anywhere, for correspondence/meeting/sharing letter/photo: Box 3492, NYC 10185.

W/M, 27, BROWN HAIR/EYES
with trim beard and moustache. I'm curious—want to serve hot dude. Will worship well built guy—show me the way. (212) 251-6089. No J/O calls.

LOOKING FOR PERMANENT FRIEND
NYC. Very attractive bottom GWM 24, 6', 150 lbs, looking for the right person to build life with. Enjoy sports, movies, quiet times. Seek attractive top man with similar interestrs between 25-35. Photo appreciated. Write Mark Haas, 256 Hoyt, Brooklyn, NY 11217.

MAN ON THE GO
Looking for masculine tenderness, 6' 1", 19, 165 lb, washboard stomach, weightlifter. If looking for a good time call Mike, handsome and ready with a good bone structure. (518) 993-4321. CALL SOON.

ALL RUBBER WEARING TOPMEN
W/M 33 6' 145 bottom seeks introduction into rubber/latex scene. Only serious rubber loving topmen need reply with letter/foto to Rob, P.O. Box 2980, Rockefeller Center Station, NYC, NY 10185.

UPSTATE HUNK
GWM 28, 5'10", 162, well-built, blue-collar worker; interested in corresponding and meeting with sensual, erotic men for passionate romance. P.O. Box 393, East Syracuse, NY 13057.

HOT, VERY MASCULINE
trim, muscular, uncut, 32, wants really hot masculine well build Greek active buddy. Photo to: PO Box 1434, N.Y., N.Y. 10150.

SYRACUSE BODYBUILDER
39 5' 10", 150 lbs., attractive, trim, smooth, defined, hung, versatile desires contacts thoughout entire upstate area. P.O. Box 123, E. Syracuse, NY 13057.

LOVER OR ROOMMATE
Black male, 40 5' 6", 140, warm, sincere clean and straight appearing. Seeks lover to take care of or just plain roommate (single/couple) 18-30 any race to share upper middle class apartment. P.O. Box 604, Scarsdale, NY 10583-0604.

"LIKE EM YOUNG"
NY-NJ-Conn Exec seeks WM 18-? for friendship or whatever develops. Need big brother or daddy figure, I'm the one for you. No blks, fats-fems or dugs or boozers. Am sincere and honest expect same. Photo and serious letter. M. Jeffers, P.O. Box 711, White Plains, NY 10602.

NORTH CAROLINA

JACKSONVILLE
GWM, 45, I have brown hair, brown eyes, 175 lbs., 5'11", 6" dick and have a short beard. Want someone to make love to while watching porn films in my home. Call (919) 346-4082 before midnight.

OHIO

GWM, 49,
wishes black, age 35 to 50 tall & slim, Cleveland, Ohio area. Call evenings 1-216-694-4278.

HOT, HORNY JOCKS
24, jock looking for jocks 18-30 for some hot times together. Your wishes are my commands. West side of Cleveland. Photo, desires wanted. Box 14891, Cleveland, OH 44114.

WHITE MALE,
160, 6', hairy, desires straight appearing males for action. Jeff Laramy, 948 Brittain Road, Akron, OH 44305.

JIM MILLER 143611
Box 511, Columbus Ohio 43216. A lonely prisoner requests friendship correspondence. All questions answered and stamped envelope appreciated. I'm 6 ft., 150 lbs., muscular, brown hair and brown eyes. I draw, read, compose poems, lift weights and outdoorsman.

OKLAHOMA

MUSCULAR MEN WANTED
GWM, 21, 6', 169 lbs., 8" cock. Considered cute. Seeks honest, good-looking bodybuilders, jocks, studs and athletic men. You must have well defined chest. No S/M or B/D. Send letter, photo showing face/chest, if possible nude. John C., P.O. Box 19572, Oklahoma City, OK 73144.

OREGON

YOUNG GAYS PLEASE RESPOND
Two GWM 21 & 25 wanting corresp. with young gays anywhere. No fems, SM or fems—discretion used—sincere —send photo and letter to: Ron & Vince, Box 1512, Albany, OR 97321.

PENNSYLVANIA

LONELY SUBURBANITE
GWM loves correspondence. Guys any age into photos of golf. Occupant, 110 N. Euclid Ave., Pittsburgh, PA 15202.

WELL HUNG MALE
Mid-30s, looking for any male equally endowed. Anything goes! Send letter and photo to: D. Clifford, P.O. Box 340, Hazleton, PA 18201. Please hurry! I'm very horny.

SOUTH CAROLINA

HOT SOUTH STUD INTO GP GR FR ETC
Gdlkg 31 GWM 6'0" 225 Husky brown hair, eyes, hung big 10½ and thick. Ready for sucking and fucking. Hot horny for 17-40. JR Nelson, 311 Thompson St, Camden, SC 29020. Hurry, I'm hungry!!

TENNESSEE

MAN IN 40'S
desires young man 25 to 40. Love & home provided; some travel and home life. Into french, w.s., light s & m. Photo necessary. R.G.B. 1115 N. Royal; Jackson, Tennessee 38301; 901-427-8469.

TEXAS

ELECTRONIC TRAINEE
18-26 will provide housing and allowance for training time. PO Box 9281, College Station, Texas 77840. Photo please. Bill Brooks (409) 696-2583.

LOOKING FOR HOT SEX!
West Texas Area. 32, 5'10", 150 lbs., beard. Am easygoing and enjoy meeting new friends. Enjoy rear end action. Am willing to do anything once! Overnighters welcome. Must be discreet. No fats or fems. Let me show you a fun time. Steve, 915-447-6101.

VERMONT

RENAISSANCE Bi/W/M
6', 150#, 40's. Arts-sports-P.O. Box 272, Wilmington, Vermont 05363.

VIRGINIA

ONE-TO-ONE
GWM, 31 5' 8", 185 lbs. Warm, gentle, sensitive. Will give what you let me take. Discretion a must. Photo gets mine and maybe more. P.O. Box 9172, Chesapeake, VA 23321.

WASHINGTON

GWM BODYBUILDER
26. Wants to correspond with hot horny males. Will travel for big thick cock. Dig getting fucked. Also will try blacks. No scat. S.M. Photos of huge meat answered first! Fuck me boys. P.O. Box 1313, Walla Walla, WA 98223.

WEST VIRGINIA

GWM, 26, 5'8", MUSCULAR
Seeks mature, muscular GWM, 25-35, to meet and develop serious relationship. Will relocate. No fats, fems, freeloaders, drugs, heavy S/M. Reply to: 425 Clifton Ave., C'burg, WV 26302 or call 304-623-9438.

INTERNATIONAL

CALGARY ALBERTA
GWM mid 30's would love to suck you. Also into water sports, mutual j/o. Gay, Bi welcome also pen pals. Call (403) 228-0450.

CUDDLY HOT CANADIAN
GWM, 28, 5' 9", 170, 9" thick/uncut, good looking. Fr/Gr A/P. Seeks uninhibited guys 25+. Am global traveler, show me your town! Will answer all but nude photo gets mine and faster reply. Ted, 5468 Dundas West, Suite 500-552, Islington, Ont. M9B 6E3, Canada.

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ARTIFICIAL INSEMINATOR

Continued from page 40

long (it looks like something off an Accu-Jack) with a piston inside for forcing medication, boluses, or whatever into the animal.

His eyes lit up at the sight of it, and I decided then that I was going to artificially inseminate this hot, young, cocky stud the way he'd inseminated so many cows in his work.

I pulled my jeans down to free my cock and balls all the way; then I started jacking my big dick. "You know something, boy?" I said. "I'm gonna breed you the way they breed a pig or a cow or a ewe. You're never gonna touch my cock, boy. My dick's too good for that. But I'm gonna give you my sperm. I'm gonna force it down your throat and up your ass whether you like it or not. I'm gonna use this balling gun to breed you, boy. You ever wondered what it felt like to those cows to be forcibly inseminated? Well, now you're gonna find out, fuckhole."

I was getting real close to coming, so I grabbed the balling gun with my right hand and positioned the hollow end of it right over the head of my dick. Deep in my belly, I felt the quick, lightning jolts that precede orgasm. A second later I was spewing my hot, milky white semen into the lucite tube of the balling gun. By the time I was done, the tube was practically overflowing with my thick, warm sperm.

I turned to John. His face was deep red, covered with perspiration, and he was breathing heavily. His eyes widened in almost agonized expectation as I brought the end of the balling gun towards his lips. With my free hand, I unleashed his cock from its chain; his dick was still rock hard.

"You ready to be inseminated, boy? You ready to be fucked without ever touching my dick?"

I forced the end of the balling gun between his lips. A trickle of the semen ran down his chin. When I'd gotten the lucite tube all the way into his mouth, I slowly began working the plunger, force-feeding John my sperm. He moaned and gagged as the thick cum filled his mouth.

I pulled the gun out. The hollow tube was still half-filled with cum. I reached behind John's back and undid his hands. Then I ordered him to get up on his hands and knees on the seat with his naked butt facing me.

"Now, you're really gonna get fucked, boy," I told him.

He balanced himself and started jacking his dick.

I spread his pale, plump butt cheeks and pushed the end of the balling gun right up against his tight butthole. Then I started working the plunger again, forcing my sperm into his rectum.

He squirmed and panted and groaned as his ass was being mechanically filled with semen. Suddenly, he started bucking hard, and the next moment he was shooting his load all over his side of the pickup: his sperm dripped from the door handle, the steering wheel, the vinyl seat. The timing was perfect: the balling gun was all out of semen. ■

COCK MATES

Continued from page 76

cock until it pointed at the ceiling.

I greased his ass, pushed his long hairy legs up, and fucked him. He gasped a little, but my cock went in as easily as a hot knife through butter. I pumped slowly, savoring the fact that I was actually fucking Tom after all these years. But I couldn't hold back forever. Gradually, my cock slipped in faster and faster. He started moving his ass in rhythm with my thrusts. We were moving together like dancers.

Soon we were drenched in sweat. Burying my face in his arm pit, I savored his manly scent. I pulled my dick out in longer strokes, as far as I could manage without coming completely out. I looked down into his beautiful face; he was smiling up at me. "Damn, you're beautiful," he said. That was too much. I couldn't hold back another minute. The cum tore out of me and shot inside him like a bullet. He groaned with pleasure; I had never felt so pleasurably drained in all my life.

I don't remember how long it took to recover. We held each other for a long time. A cool breeze blew into the windows from the prairie. Off in the distance I could hear the whistle of the Illinois Central on its way to the South. I knew that I had come home and that I was lying beside the man I wanted to spend my life with—even if we had both started out straight. ■

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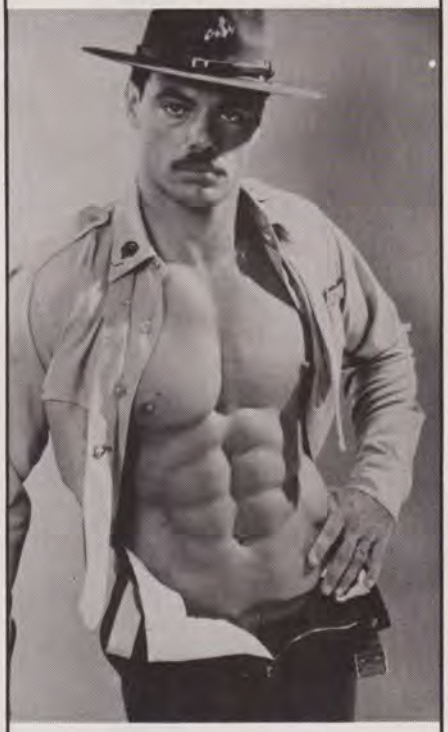

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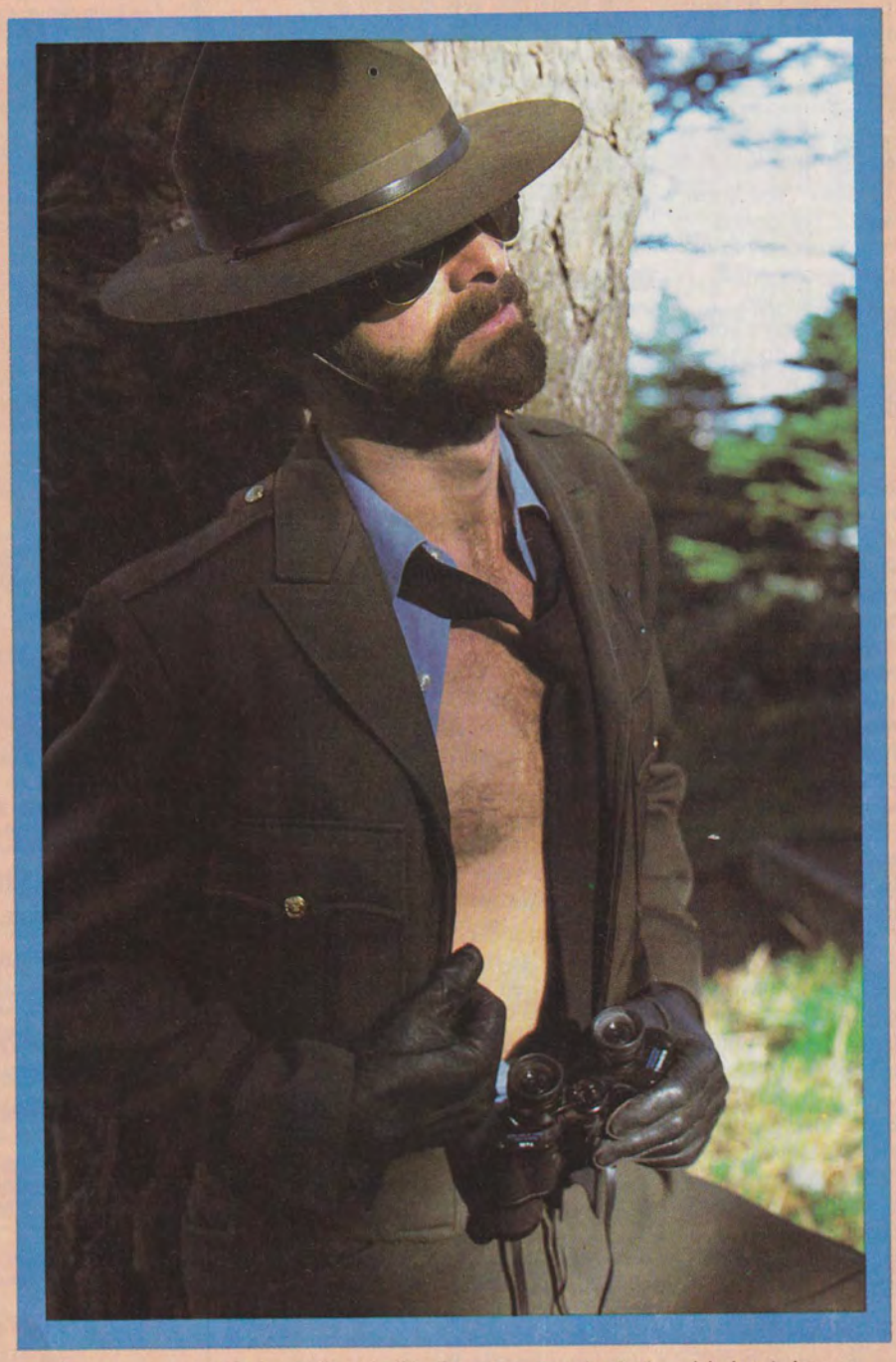
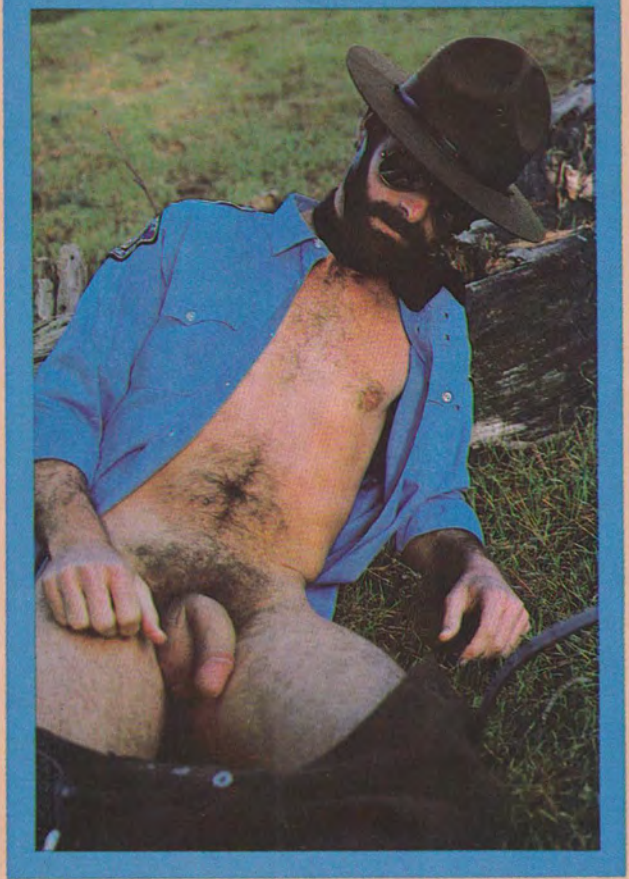
SHADY



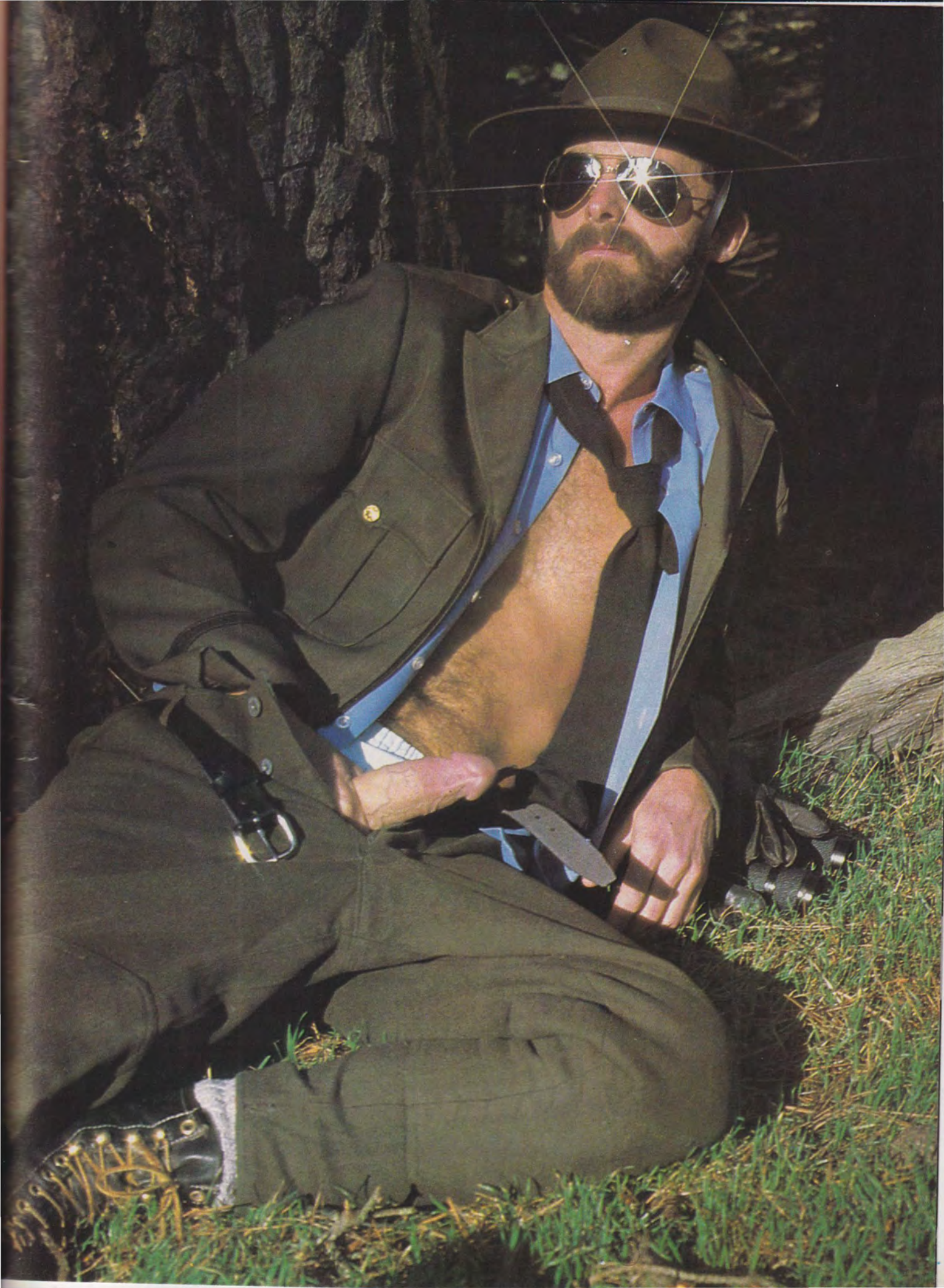
He's got a pair of binoculars in his hand so maybe he's a birdwatcher. On second thought, that big thing he's hauling out there in the open sure ain't a bird.

Photography by Matthew E. Newman



SHADY

From the way he keeps flashing those tasty-cakes and pulling on his big one, it looks like ole Shady is out for no good. This guy is at his best when he's bad. But don't you hate to see him doing it all by himself? Go on over there under that tree and see if he could use a helping hand. If you do, you'll be made in the shade.



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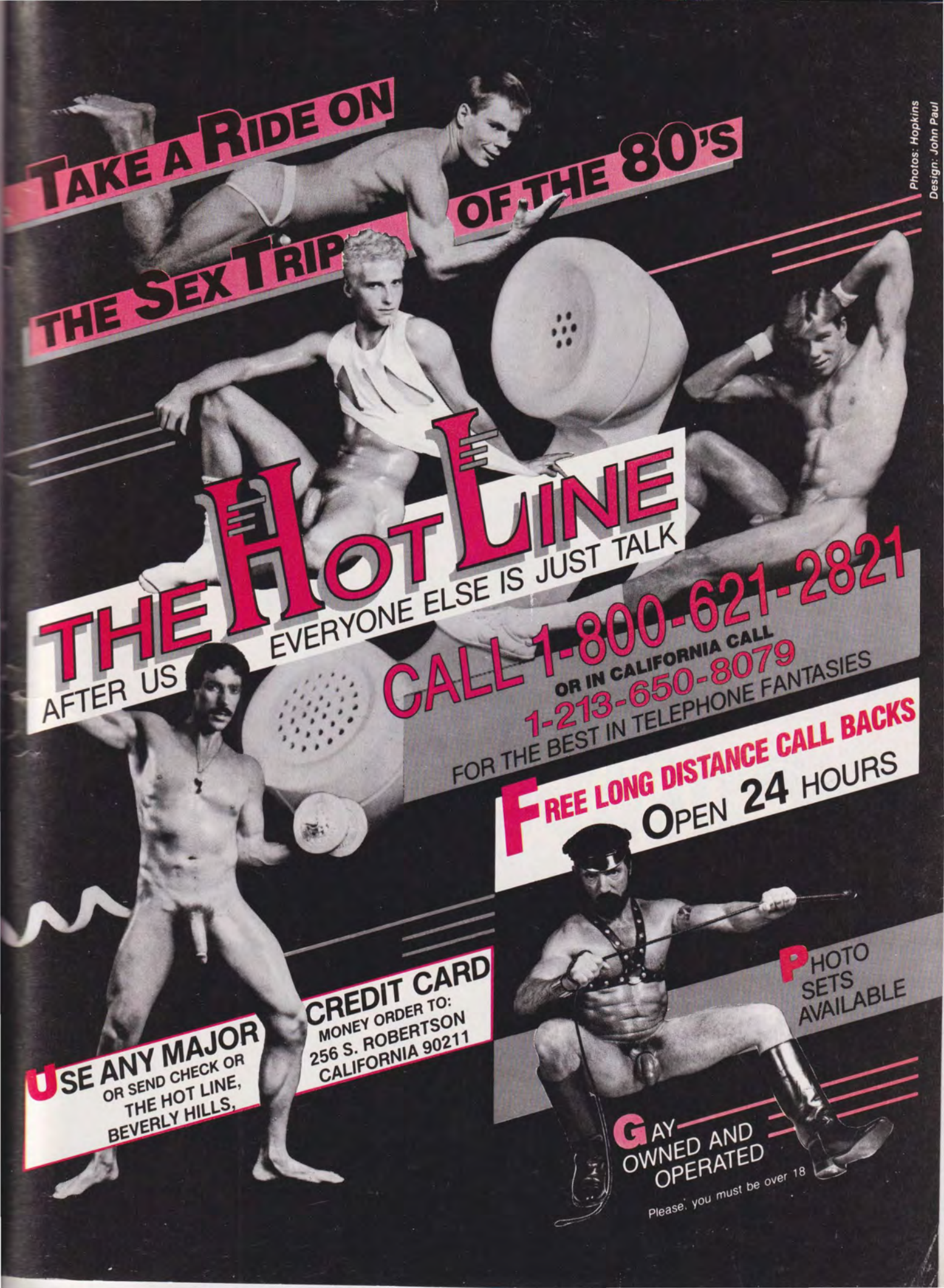
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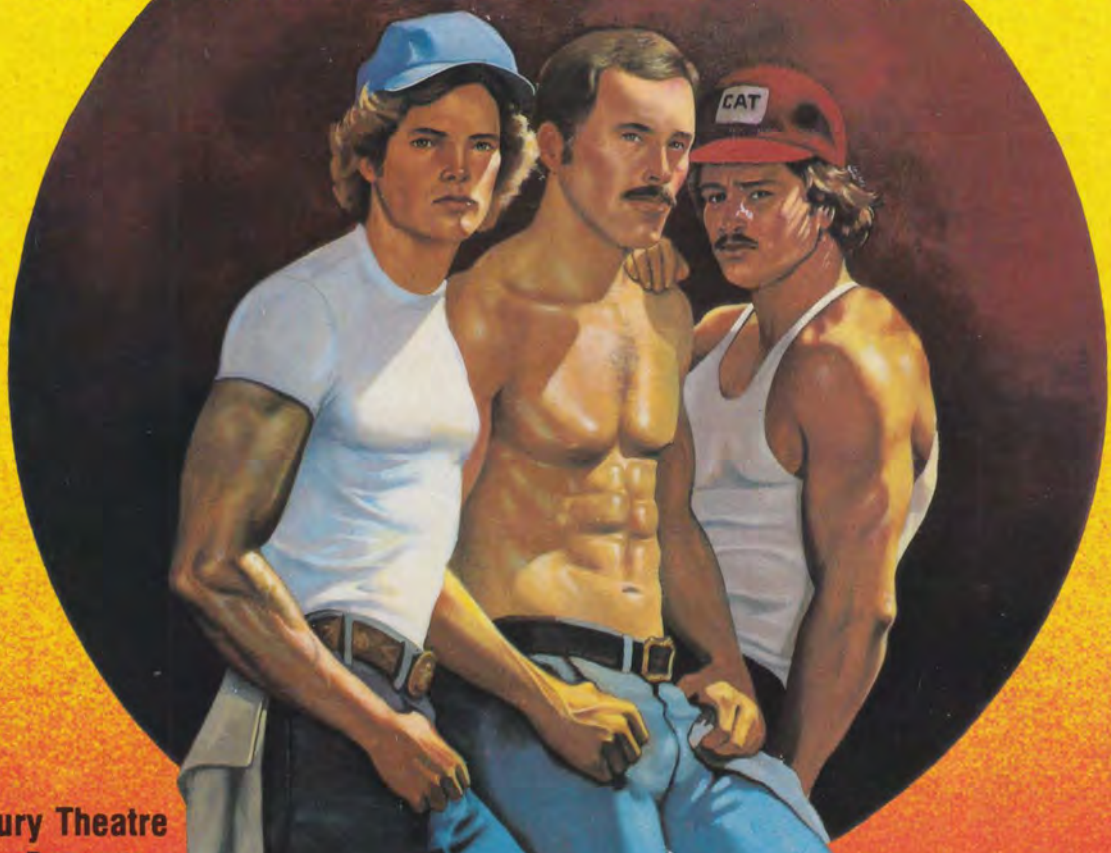

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